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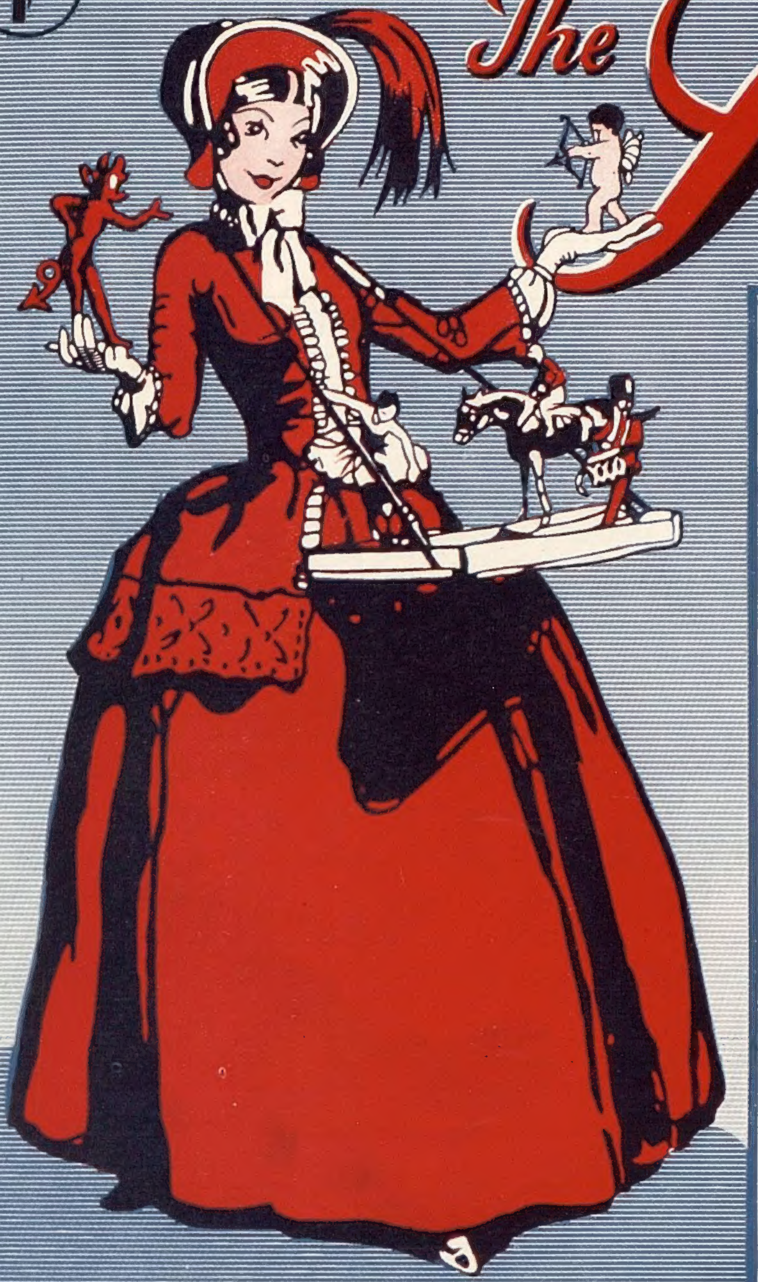
The Sketch



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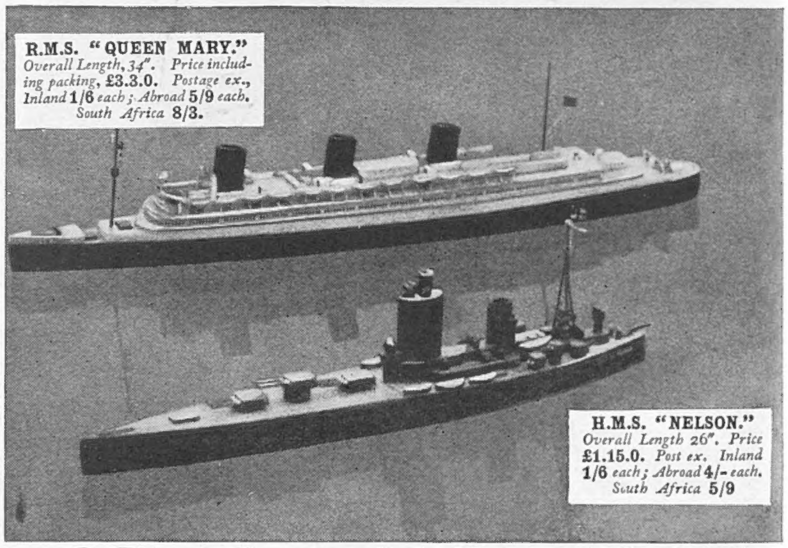

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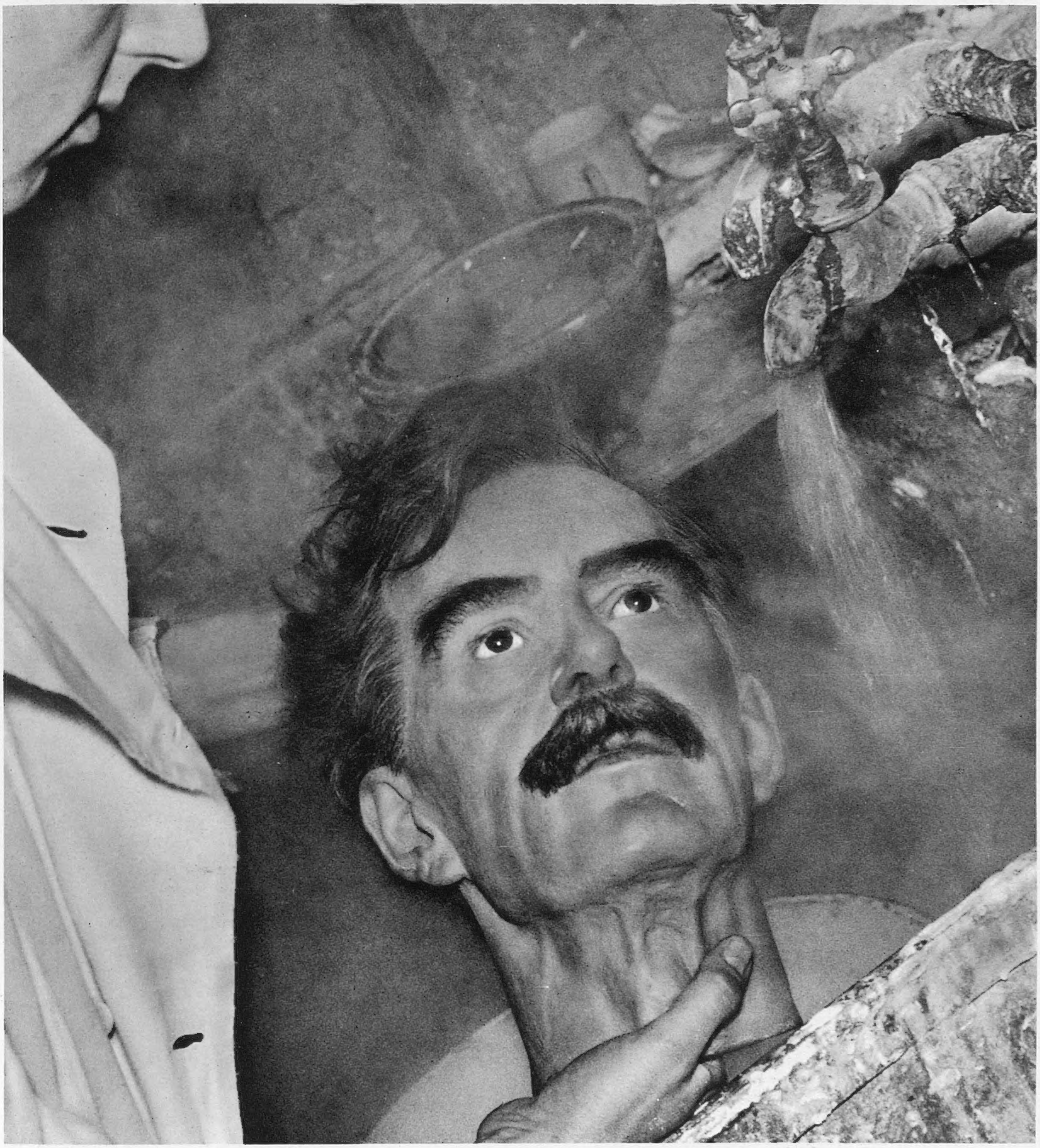
No. 2344—Vol. CLXXX. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1937. ONE SHILLING



FISHING FOR THE PRIME MINISTER!

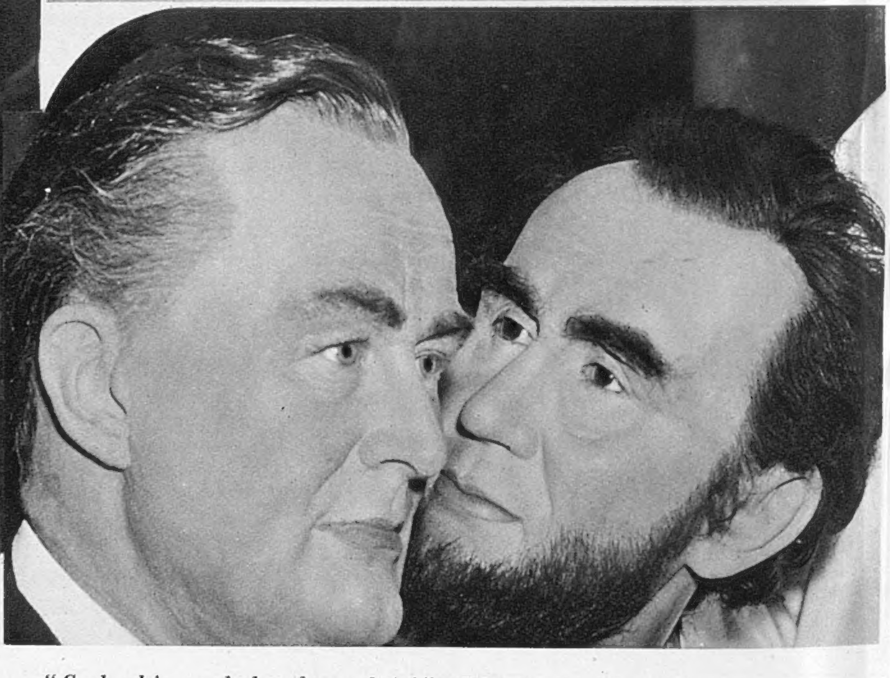
We are accustomed to seeing photographs of MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, *the Prime Minister, engaged in his favourite sport of fishing. Indeed the over-life-size representation of him as an angler in the British Pavilion at the Paris Exhibition roused much discussion. Here we provide readers with a reversal of the usual*—FOR IT IS THE PRIME MINISTER WHO IS BEING FISHED FOR! *His head—or rather, the head of his wax effigy at Madame Tussaud's—is just being lifted out of the basin after its morning shampoo. The greatest care is taken to keep the wax figures in good trim, and the heads are regularly washed and tidied up.*

SEE OTHER PAGES IN THIS ISSUE.

MISS KATHARINE HEPBURN *wore long, loose curls as Lady Babbie in the film of Barrie's "The Little Minister." Every morning her effigy at Madame Tussaud's has its curls combed out.*

MRS. HELEN WILLS MOODY *looks as remote and inscrutable at Tussaud's as she does in real life. She doesn't even seem to mind having only one arm. Her left is being fitted into place.*

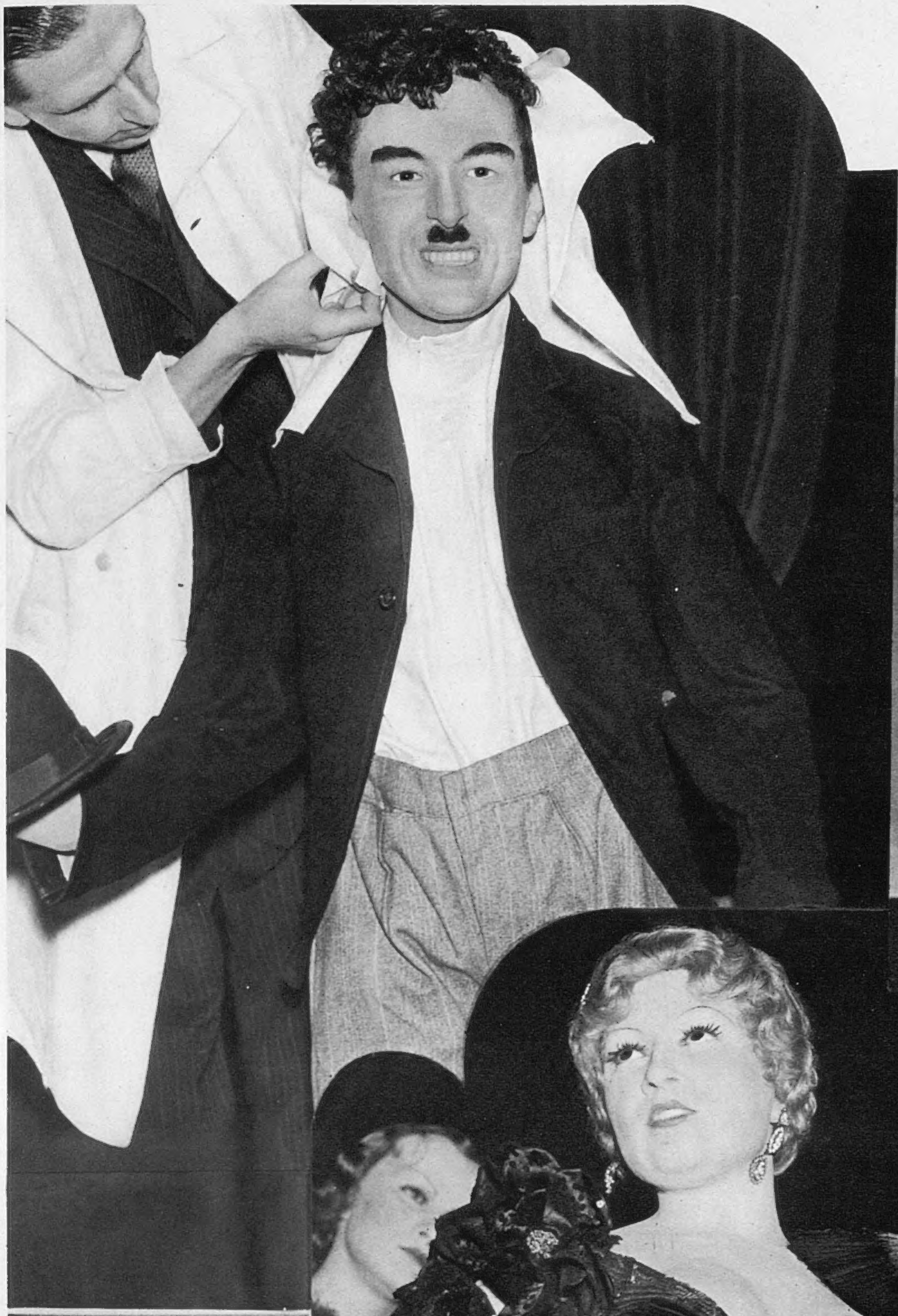
GRETA GARBO *will never drink this "highball," although it is always before her—or rather, before her portrait in wax. She is immortalised at Tussaud's in "Anna Christie," the film of the Eugene O'Neill play.*



"Good advice—and does he need it!" This tête-à-tête from Tussaud's shows ABRAHAM LINCOLN *whispering into the ear of* PRESIDENT FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, *the most discussed U.S. President in history.*

THE CAMERA WAXES INTIMATE WITH CELLULOID AND CENTRE COURT STARS:

PHOTOGRAPHS BY



It's a tricky business cleaning CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S *ears! The assistant at Madame Tussaud's is shown preparing his wax effigy to meet the admiring stares of the many daily visitors.*

Top, right: SHIRLEY TEMPLE, *now to be seen in "Heidi," her latest picture at the Regal, looks as charmingly childlike in wax as she does in celluloid. A replica of her Teddy-bear completes her portrait.*

MAE WEST *mustn't get dusty! Not that she is ever likely to in real life—or at Tussaud's either, where there are careful dressers to see to her every morning. Her wax counterpart wears rings, ear-rings, and a real Mae West dress.*

CLEANING CHARLIE, COMBING HEPBURN'S HAIR AND FIXING HELEN'S ARMS.

ERNEY PRINCE.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

A CHRISTMAS VISION.

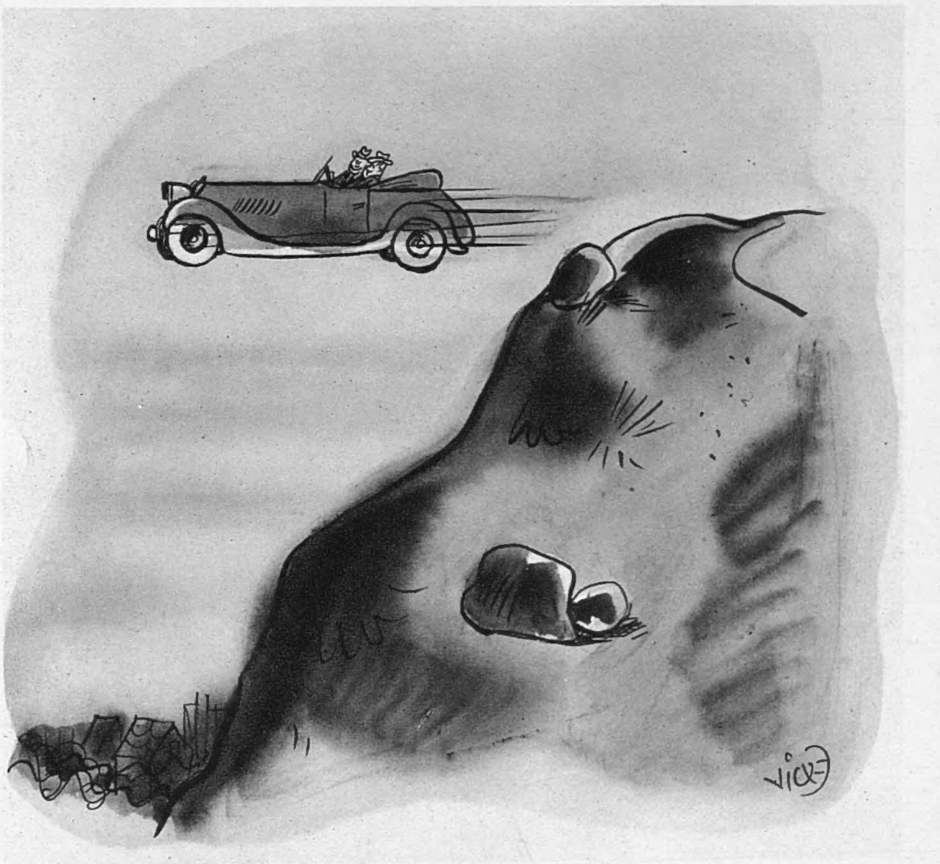
ON Christmas afternoon I fell asleep. The remark happens to scan, but it is not the beginning of a poem. It is merely a statement of fact—crude fact, you may think, in your superior way; but personally I see nothing discreditable in it, though it is a curious thing that there are thousands of hypocrites who would confess almost any crime sooner than the simple and innocent ct of becoming unconscious after luncheon. There are many reasons for such anæsthesia on Christmas afternoon—reasons which are obvious to the meanest intelligence—but the chief and irresistible reason is that there is nothing better to do. The ravelled sleave of care (whatever that may be) is more ravelled than usual on this annual occasion, and the most sensible thing to do with it is to knit it up, since knitting is a restful occupation. Besides, is not sleep "great nature's second course?" It is probably much more digestible than the second course which you had at that Christmas midday meal which is neither dinner nor lunch, and which we will call, for convenience, duncher.

And, mind you, it requires a certain concentration, amounting almost to Yogi, to slip into the arms of Morpheus after the Yule-tide duncher. It is not so easy when the tin trumpet's martial blast, not to mention the squeaker, the squiffer and the squoozer, and all the pandemoniac brood by Christmas out of cracker, is ringing throughout the household, accompanied by the soul-stirring roll of the Woolworth drum. Ah, how often have I envied Sir John Moore on Christmas afternoon!

Not a drum was heard,
  not a funeral note,
As his corse to the
  rampart we hurried.

Some fellows have all the luck! And then, even if the toy bagpipes are not skirling and the miniature saxaphones are not regurgitating, there is always some hearty ass who suggests that a nice, brisk walk would be the thing to whip up the circulation. At the season of goodwill, you can't very well tell that kind of brute that you would like to give him a nice, brisk walk over the edge of a cliff, and that there are several things you would rather whip-up than his circulation. You 've got to be polite, and it is a strain on your peace of mind. No, it is not always as easy as it seems to sneak off to Lethe as the evening draws in (at about 3 p.m.) on Christmas Day.

However, it can be done, and, speaking entirely for myself, I did it, and do not apologise for it. Nor should I even record the fact, which is neither original nor unprecedented in itself, if in my slumber I had not seen a remarkable vision. This, again, is not unprecedented after a Christmas duncher of the usual ingredients, but some of the things I saw cannot be accounted for solely by the rather sordid and unimaginative explanations which may occur to you.



"THESE NEW ROADS ARE SMOOTH, AREN'T THEY!"

DRAWN BY VICKY.

It can't have been a nightmare, because I dreamt I was at Geneva. All the nations were represented; several of them who had not been seen about the place much lately had decided to come back as a seasonable gesture of peace and goodwill. The council went into Plenary Session to pass a number of good resolutions for the New Year. The President, in his opening address, said that he regretted to observe that of late there had been some slight differences of opinion which he was sure they all deprecated, and would wish to remove, at that time of the year. The Chinese delegate then rose and said, in very handsome terms, that if his compatriots had done anything in or to their own country which annoyed Japan, it was quite unintentional and he expressed unqualified regret. The Japanese representative said that he accepted the apology in the spirit in which it was made, and that he promised in future not to drop bombs or shells on any of his Chinese friends, but only on the property, ships or citizens of other nations which happened to be handy. Herr Hitler then rose and said that, in view of the gratifying expressions which they had heard, he felt moved to explain that anything harsh which he might have said about Comrade Stalin had been said only in the heat of the moment, and was really meant to promote international understanding. Comrade Stalin at once responded that he quite understood this, and would like to withdraw anything which might have given pain to his old friend Trotsky, to the Fascist powers, to the bourgeoisie or to the widows and orphans of anybody with whom he had recently been unable to see eye to eye. After Signor Mussolini had intimated to the British Foreign Secretary that he hoped that Europe would soon become a Garden of Eden, and General Franco had explained that it was by a mere slip of the tongue that he had referred to his opponents as the Popular Behind, the President suggested that a very appropriate way of opening the New Year would be for everybody to enter into a Pact of Non-Aggression. The proposal was adopted enthusiastically, and the pact was signed on the spot. Summing-up the proceedings, the President said that they constituted a landmark in the history of peace and civilisation, because it would now be obvious to the world that in all future wars nobody would be an aggressor and everybody would be on the defensive in the cause of peace, justice and collective security, and therefore everybody could join in with a clear conscience. Amid great applause, he concluded by saying that he thought they could all look forward with confidence to a Happy New Year. At this point, one of the delegates, who happened to be a camel with three heads, shouted loudly "Attaboy!" This incident, I admit, may possibly be attributed to a speck of plum-pudding or a fragment of the old ripe Stilton; it can therefore be ruled out as irrelevant, and I still hold that this vision is not to be lightly dismissed, because you can't call an International Pact a mere bilious attack, can you?

Just as the proceedings were drawing to a close, there was a loud and terrifying explosion. At first I thought it was the Japanese delegate dropping a bomb on me because a Chinaman had annoyed him; but as a matter of fact, it was the Life and Soul of the Party bursting a balloon on my head, because he said that it was time to come and be sociable and listen to the Christmas Broadcast. I did not kill him—the Geneva Spirit was too strong upon me, and I was still lost in the dream of a Happy New Year. I wish I could go on dreaming.

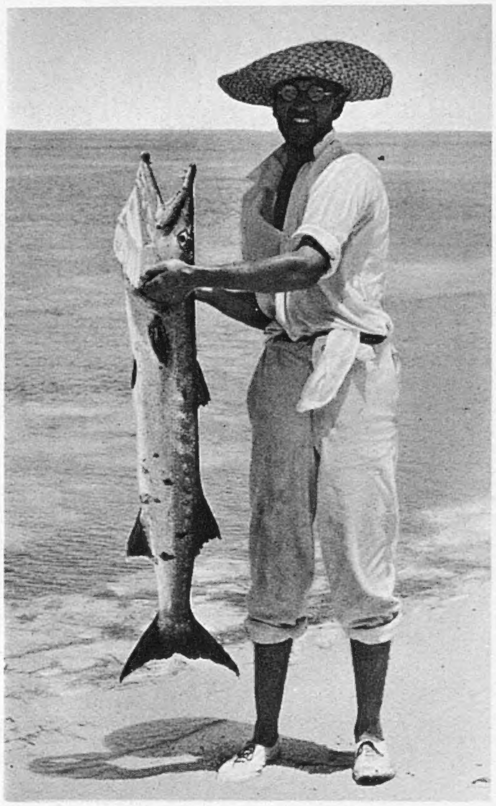
THE BRISTLEWOODS.

Mr. Bristlewood brings in the New Year and all that!

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

QUITE the most remarkable book I have read for many a day is Norman Caldwell's "Fangs of the Sea." Centred round the commercial fishing for sharks and turtles in Australian waters, it records the author's thrilling experiences. Fishing alone in a small boat he has landed numbers of huge sharks, and the casual way he handles them is positively amazing. The largest shark he has taken on a hand-line measured 18 ft. 4 in. in length, and he has killed single-handed a tiger-shark of 16 ft. 9 in. By the way, there were sixty embryo sharks in this fish, fifty of them being females. He has netted a 20-ft. shark, but his great ambition is to catch a really big one on hand-line — apparently nothing under 30 ft. would satisfy him.



This 25-LB. BARRACUDA, one of the fiercest of fish, was caught off Morant Cays, 33 miles S.S.E. of Jamaica. These Cays, which are a group of three little islands, are providing good sport with barracuda, amber jack, other varieties of jack, bonito, albacore, shark, etc. No marlin have been landed yet, but they have been seen. Visiting anglers can obtain information from Mr. A. R. Facey, the Hon. Secretary of the Angling Association of Jamaica.

Shark Stolen by Crocodile.

One night while fishing for a monster shark which had been reported to him, he hooked a good-sized whaler shark. Holding it in the dark as he waited for the tide to run out of the creek, the whaler suddenly leaped out of the water and fell back, with its body working convulsively. Mr. Caldwell noticed it was moving backwards towards one of the banks. Sharks do not behave in this way. Turning on his flashlight, he saw a crocodile dragging the shark ashore, where, with horrible crunching sounds, it proceeded to make a meal of it. On another occasion he hooked a crocodile and, armed only with an axe, followed it ashore to retrieve his line and hook, rather than wait until daylight, in case his boat was stranded by the falling tide.

A Night of Terror.

These and a lot more stories, including that of the sea-serpent which snapped up a 500-lb. turtle in one mouthful, make fascinating reading, but for stark horror there is nothing to equal Mr. Caldwell's account of one terrifying night he spent on the Great Barrier Reef. He left his boat in a channel propped up to keep on an even keel at low tide, and went off to explore. Night fell before he returned, and as he neared the boat he was almost overpowered by a horrible smell. The ray of his torch showed the boat on one side, the strong prop broken, the whole boat covered with dull-red slime, twinkling with pinheads of phosphorescent blue fire. With the battery of his torch running low, he dare not leave the boat, his only hope of escape when the tide came in. He waited beside the boat, clutching his rifle. Out of the darkness from the sea-end of the channel came an eerie noise, as of dry bones clanking together. The torch flickered and went out. Louder and louder grew the noise. Climbing into the boat regardless of the foul slime, Mr. Caldwell waited tensely as the scuffling, clanking sounds approached. He struck a match, and saw it was a great army of clawy reef crabs searching for food. His relief when he saw that they were only crabs soon turned to apprehension when he found them clambering into the boat by hundreds. Driven up into the bows, he crashed the butt-end of his gun into their bodies time and again, until his arms ached, but still more came scrambling over the pile of dead ones, rising nearer and nearer to his feet. To reach the mast, he tried to jump the intervening space, and fell on top of a milling mass of crabs. Nippers seized his flesh and, mad with pain and fear, he fought like a demon to gain his feet and struggle to the mast. He dragged himself up; one by one he beat or tore off the crabs from his body and limbs or smashed them against the mast. With the mainsail rope he lashed himself safely to the mast and then sank into a dazed stupor. The rising tide awakened him and drove away his enemies, except those in the boat, and on these he vented his wrath by throwing them to the sharks.

Why Do We Fish?

Fishermen's psychology was discussed at the British Sea Anglers' Society's headquarters on Dec. 8, when Dr. E. Gordon Reeve gave a lecture on the subject, and also included the psychology of fish, which is equally involved and interesting. Regarding the former, he commented on the remarkable spread of angling in all parts of the world during recent years, and endeavoured to analyse the reasons why the sport of angling exercises such a powerful appeal among people of all classes and under all conditions. Originally, without doubt, man caught fish because he was hungry and wanted something to eat. To-day this can rarely apply, as it costs an angler far more to catch his fish than to buy them. Also, more often than not, if he does catch any fish, he either gives them away, returns them to the water, or, possibly, sells them. Then why does a salmon angler feel annoyed when a fish which has given him a good fight proves to be "only a kelt"? Again, if that same angler, when fishing for salmon, lands a big pike, he is aggravated, although the same fish under other circumstances will fill him with joy. There is no end to these apparent inconsistencies. Various suggestions were put forward as to why we fish, among others that it satisfies the primæval hunting instinct in man, that it appeals to his æsthetic sense, or to his pride in exercising his skill, or to his vanity in exhibiting his catch. Possibly a little of all these traits may enter into the sum total of the lure which makes this sport the most universal in the world. I think Dr. Reeve probably touched the spot when he said that in these nerve-racking days the human system cries out for rest and that space of time which slips by unnoticed is the most beneficial rest of all.

Here is the SMALLEST TUNA ever recorded. It was caught on rod and reel by Mr. Francis J. Lupton, of Philadelphia, off Beach Haven Ridge, New Jersey. Mr. Bill Baxter, Secretary of the Beach Haven Tuna Club, is shown measuring it for entry in the Feigenspan Contest for the smallest tuna. It weighed 24 oz., was $14\frac{3}{8}$ inches long, and had a girth of $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches. It won a prize for the smallest tuna taken during the season of 1937.

R. L. MARSTON.

The Editor of "The Sketch" is always pleased to consider, with a view to publication, readers' photographs of fishing subjects suitable for use not only in this article, but in other positions in "The Sketch." All photographs sent on approval should be very fully titled, should bear the name and address of the sender, and should be addressed to the Editor of "The Sketch," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Any photograph used will be paid for at our usual rates.

THE R.A.F., FORT GRANGE, GOSPORT.

Originally, the site of the present R.A.F. STATION, GOSPORT, *was the Portsmouth race-course. This having been closed down, the ground became a training centre for Militia from all over the country. About 1910, five men and a marquee tent—the Hampshire Aero Company—succeeded in constructing a monoplane which occasionally rose to a height of about 30 ft. before crashing! No. 5 Squadron, R.F.C., was formed at Gosport before 1914, and left for France shortly after the war began. Eventually, Gosport became a training school. Since then the Station has been largely developed as a shore base for aircraft-carriers of the Fleet Air Arm.*

HELD IN LORD SHREWSBURY'S HISTORIC HOME:

THE STAFFORDSHIRE COUNTY INFIRMARY BALL *was held at Ingestre Hall by permission of the* EARL *and* COUNTESS OF SHREWSBURY, *who are here seen seated on the stairs with (behind)* LIEUT.-COLONEL SIR PERCIVAL HEYWOOD, BT., D.S.O., *and* MISS PARKER-JERVIS.

This group in one of the corridors consists of MISS ANN MITCHISON, COLONEL L. H. COX, MR. HARRY PHILLIPS, *and* MISS JOAN PHILLIPS.

LORD AMHERST OF HACKNEY *is seen sitting out on the stairs with* LADY BETTY ANSON, *elder daughter of the Earl of Lichfield.*

Left: CAPTAIN HUGH LEVESON-GOWER, *who was a member of the Ingestre Hall house-party, was snapped with* MISS CHLOE OTTO.

MR. MICHAEL STREATFIELD, MRS. HENRY RYDER, *and* CAPTAIN A. HEBER-PERCY *were obviously enjoying a good joke when this picture was taken. They were members of the Countess of Harrowby's party.*

MISS LUCY HARINGTON *and* MR. DAVID PELHAM BICKMORE *are seen in one of the sitting-out rooms.*

MR. *and* MRS. PETER HEBER-PERCY *were members of Lord and Lady Shrewsbury's house-party.*

THE STAFFORDSHIRE COUNTY INFIRMARY BALL.

This group shows (l. to r.) MR. G. A. LYON, MISS CONSTANCE KENNY, LIEUT.-COLONEL A. L. WOOD, M.C., *the* HON. HESTER LITTLETON, *youngest daughter of Lord Hatherton,* MR. GRANET, *and* MISS MARY KENNY.

LADY ANN BRIDGEMAN, *daughter of the Earl of Bradford, the* HON. PAMELA DIGBY, *daughter of Lord Digby, the* HON. AUDREY LYTTELTON, *daughter of Viscount Cobham,* MR. JOHN PAGET, *and* MR. HARRY LLEWELLYN *(l. to r.) faced the camera together.*

Right: MRS. R. F. MONCKTON, *wife of the High Sheriff, is seen talking to* MR. HINDCLIFFE.

Below: LADY DIGBY *(left) and her eldest sister, the* COUNTESS OF BRADFORD, *are shown in one of the sitting-out rooms.*

MAJOR MONCKTON, *High Sheriff of Staffordshire, is shown with* MISS JOAN SCOTT.

This group consists of MISS JOAN HALL, MR. CECIL WEDGWOOD, MR. GEOFFREY CROSS, MISS ELIZABETH ATKINSON, *and* MR. TOM HALL.

MR. J. TILLOTSON, MISS B. HIGGS, MRS. BOOTE, MAJOR LLEWELLYN, MR. SEYNINGBEARD, MISS RENSHALL, MISS M. MANDER, *and* MR. G. KEYES.

THE WISE CHOICE IN WINES.

By H. WARNER ALLEN.

THERE is no better present to give a wine-loving friend than a few good bottles, and there are few better ways of spending those occasional Christmas cheques sent by inspired benefactors who wish to be sure that their present is appreciated than by investing them in the fermented juice of the grape. It is an investment, if judiciously made, which is bound to increase in value, and there are few more satisfactory enjoyments in life than the offering of a good wine to an understanding friend. No true wine-lover wants to drink his best wine by himself. It cannot be fully appreciated unless it is discussed and criticised with some other member of the fraternity of Bacchus.

"Bacchus takes a malicious delight in cheating the connoisseur's expectations."

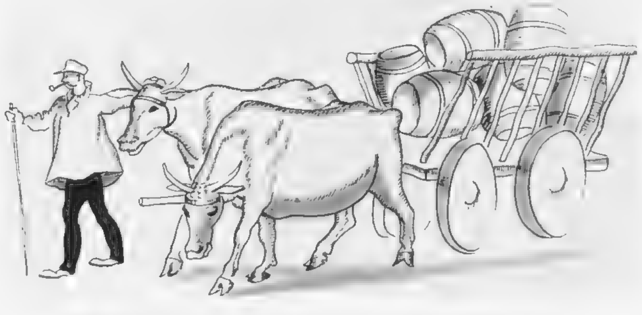
It is, of course, too early to think of investing in the 1937 vintage. Yet a great deal of the connoisseur's fun is to be found in watching the vintages and backing his choice, before the renown of a particular year has been too widely spread abroad, and while it is still possible to buy at a relatively low price. At the same time, it is well to remember that wine is capricious. The greatest of experts is liable to error when he prophesies as to the future of any vintage. Moreover, the proof of the wine is in the drinking, and when it comes to any particular bottle — the precious bottle that one has opened for an honoured guest — no wise man will lay down the law as to its merits, until it has been submitted to the final judgment of the palate. So many imponderable conditions conspire against perfection. If all has been well with the vine, the grapes and the vintage, if no pains have been spared to guide the natural fermentation towards the ideal, if, in fact, the wine started with everything in its favour, the last word always belongs to the cellar and the cork. No wine can be good if the cork is bad, and the glory of a ripe old age demands a sympathetic temperature in the cellar. Finally, the best of bottles can be ruined if it is not properly decanted. Bacchus takes a malicious delight in cheating the connoisseur's expectations.

"There is an increased demand for champagne."

First Reports of 1937 Vintages.

With this warning we may pass to the first reports of the 1937 vintage. We are promised wines of very high quality, with a yield considerably below normal in nearly every district; that is to say, the wines of 1937 are not likely to be cheap. The news from Burgundy is particularly satisfactory. We are told that some of the 1937 burgundies will rank with the best of the century, and that is welcome news, as the district has been rather unlucky of late—1923 was the last really great year.

As for claret, the vintage is said to be patchy, with some magnificent wines. For some time past it has seemed that all is not well with one or two of the most famous châteaux, though, happily, other growths not listed so high in the official classification have materially increased their repute. The clarets of 1935 and 1936 are not likely to go down to fame, so that some really fine wines in 1937 will be the more acceptable.



"Bordeaux has been blessed with several excellent years."

There is an increased demand for champagne. During the slump, the champagne firms could not absorb all the grapes produced in the delimited area. The temporary setback to the sparkling wine, which can never be cheap, as it demands some seven years of expert handling, had an advantage, since it introduced many people in this country to the excellent still wine that can be made from the same grapes. 1937 will probably be as short in quantity as 1921, and it is to be hoped that it will be as good when it is on the market in 1943 or 1944.

The shortage of quantity in Germany is particularly unfortunate, for the Rhine and Moselle vineyards lie so far to the north that they never produce an enormous yield. In this country, I think, we are prone to drink our hocks and moselles too old. Most of them are at their best in their youth, making exceptions for Dr. Middleton's "senior hocks" which "have compassed age. Their flavours are as a brook of many voices." Certainly there are few moselles—a wine that Dr. Middleton would have scorned—which should not be drunk within four or five years. The Germans drink them even younger, and for them 1929 is now a very antiquated vintage. The greatest hocks, Johannisberg, Steinberg Cabinet, and the pick of the Rheingau wines, become very lovely with age, but to my own taste there is a touch of extravagance in their deliciousness and the same is true of the cream of the Palatinate wines. It is unlikely that much 1937 German wine will find its way into this country, for more and more Germans are drinking their own wine.

The Popular Sherry.

The Douro grapes have been picked very late, and it is too early to say more than that they promise very well. Sherry, like port, is a blended wine, and unlike port, it knows no vintage years. It is wonderful how well this wine has maintained its quality, despite the troubles in Spain and a greatly increased demand; for during the last few years the number of British wine-lovers has been multiplied, and for every wine-lover sherry replaces the palate-killing cocktail.

"The Douro grapes have been picked very late."

The purchaser of wine to-day is more happily placed than his predecessors of the twentieth century. During the last twenty years of the nineteenth century, the vineyards of Europe were devastated with phylloxera, and hardly any great wines were made. For a time it seemed as if the history of the noblest wines had come to an end with the swan-song of pre-phylloxera claret, the marvellous wine produced between 1864 and 1878. There were a few fine vintages: 1899 and 1900 for claret, for instance, or 1904 and 1906 for burgundy; but wine of the highest order seemed to become more and more rare. Between 1878 and 1920, there were few years to be remembered. Now, it seems, the vineyards are recovering from the insect scourge that was brought from America.

Good Years.

Bordeaux has been blessed with several excellent years. The 1923's—I preferred the St. Emilions of this year to the Médocs — are some of them growing old; but the 1924's are glorious. The 1929's are attractive, though they are ageing quickly, while the 1928's are already showing how marvellous they will be hereafter. 1933 and 1934 are full of promise, particularly the latter vintage. The admirable 1923 burgundies are hard to find. The years 1926 and 1929 produced some fine wines, and they are the best generally available. The excellent champagne of 1926 has been displaced by the equally good wines of 1928, and 1929 is a wine of merit. For the German wines, take 1933 or 1934, if you are lucky enough to find them; neither 1935 nor 1936 was nearly as good. The 1912 vintage port remains a noble wine; 1920 and 1924 are good years, and 1927 will be even better.

The luxuries of New Year and holiday parties demand the accompaniment of wine, but the sauces and highly spiced flavours of the season are hostile to the most delicate wines, which require simple fare.

SCHOOLBOY HOWLERS.

"MANY NEW FACES TOED THE LINE AT OUR SCHOOL WALKING - MATCH."

"WHITE IS THE COLOUR FOR HOPE. BRIDES WEAR IT AT WEDDINGS. THE MEN WEAR BLACK."

"*PAS DE DEUX.*—FATHER OF TWINS."

"I LAY STRETCHED IN A GONDOLA ON THE CANAL, DRINKING IT ALL IN. LIFE NEVER SEEMED SO FULL BEFORE."

Howlers Picked by CECIL HUNT *and Illustrated by* EDMUND BLAMPIED.

AT EDINBURGH'S HIGHLAND BALL.

Left:
MISS JANEY MILNE-HOME *is shown in conversation with* SUB-LIEUTENANT JAMES DUNDAS, R.N.

Right:
MISS URSULA WATSON *was snapped when at supper.*

The HIGHLAND BALL *held in the Assembly Rooms, Edinburgh, was very successful. This group consists of* MISS CRAIG COWAN, MR. J. BAILEY, MRS. NEIL RAMSAY, *and* LORD JAMES STEWART-MURRAY, *brother of the Duke of Atholl.*

Right: The HON. DAVID *and* MRS. BALFOUR *are enjoying a cigarette when sitting on the stairs with the* HON. URSULA BALFOUR *(left).*

MR. R. B. WHITE *(right) is here shown in conversation with* CAPTAIN *and* MRS. SOMERVILLE McALESTER. *Mr. White and Captain McAlester are in the Camerons.*

Left:
The HON. ELIZABETH ELPHINSTONE, *niece of H.M. the Queen, in conversation with* MR. DAVID WILLS.

Right: SIR ALEXANDER SETON, BT., *is shown helping* LADY SETON *to fix her programme pencil.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SCOTTISH PICTORIAL PRESS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HAY WRIGHTSON.

BEAUTY WITH A "KISS CURL."

MRS. SIMON WHITBREAD, *who is here seen wearing her hair with what used to be called a "kiss curl" on the forehead, is the wife of Captain Simon Whitbread. She is the only daughter of the Hon. Robert and Mrs. Trefusis and married in 1936. She has a baby son, Samuel Charles.*

TALES WITH A STING.

JUST ANOTHER DAME.

By PETER LANGDALE.

(BEING OUR SHORT STORY.)*

DAPHNE would have picked her out from the rest of the dames in the restaurant even if she hadn't found the photograph which Philip kept hidden in the middle of his pile of stiff shirts. It was a mighty unconventional place to keep a photograph, but then, the dame wasn't exactly conventional herself. She looked just the type who 'd date with a married man, gate-crash his confidence, and then soak him for plenty with the technique of the coolest blackmailer. But Philip hadn't fallen that far yet. Daphne was sure.

Philip was a tough nut, and it took more than the average female nut-cracker to get beneath the shell. Quite a few had tried, because the proposition looked pretty healthy to any business-minded dame who thought she had what it took and managed to penetrate far enough to collect.

But all of them tripped over Daphne. She was a sort of guardian angel to Philip—at least, as near as any mortal ever gets to being a guardian angel. She hovered over him like a mother hen over her cluckers, always guiding him back to the straight and narrow when he strayed on to the broad walk. She loved him dearly and a good deal more than in a merely angelic way, and when occasionally he got loose-minded she did a little snooping, and saw to it that there was one more dame in circulation.

This most recent snoop consisted of a dip among the stiff shirts (there were other caches, but Philip had a weakness for laundry), which came off lucky, and an eavesdropped 'phone call arranging all the necessaries for a table for two. Funny how these kind of dames always went for the *tête-à-tête* touch, aiming to bring down their quarry with the disturbing effect of intimacy amid soft lights, music, and a good meal. The general technique never seemed to vary, and more puzzling still, the man never managed to remember he 'd played the same game somewhere before.

The date had been fixed for seven-thirty. It was just seven-fifteen when Daphne entered the restaurant and spotted the house-breaking aspirant. The picture came in useful, but the type was so obvious that she could have had a printed poster over her head and Daphne would 've been none the wiser. She went straight to the dame's table, wondering at the stupidity of women who came as early as fifteen minutes to meet a man. But they always did, distrusting a clock as much as anyone, and then told the flattered escort that they 'd just dropped in the minute before.

Daphne sat down with all the confidence of a wife who has no fear of the ex-Mrs. ogre, who knows that divorce is only a shadow that frightens frightened couples, and alimony not a compensation, but a rejection slip in disguise. Facing her victim squarely, she didn't bother to dilly-dally. She went straight to the point, with a determination that had been growing in her ever since she struck colour among the stiff shirts.

" You 're Lillian Cooper, aren't you ? " she asked, and the dame didn't deny it, even though the name was as phoney as the complexion she was wearing. " Well, I 'm Mrs. Dudley," said Daphne, landing her second bomb on the objective. Then, in a tone that tanged of the Arctic : " Philip's wife ! "

" So what ? " asked the dame.

This cold-blooded shot would have wrecked havoc with a guardian angel of softer fibre than Daphne, and even she sustained a flesh wound. Evidently the brazen chiseller had had previous experience of delicate situations.

Daphne rallied. " You 've a date with my husband here, I believe, at seven-thirty ? I overheard it on the 'phone."

" The sharp edge of the triangle in person and a 'tec agency thrown in. Sorry I can't pale under this make-up—blame the manufacturers. Pleased to meet you, Mrs. Dudley. Glad we 've something in common, even if it 's only your hubby."

" You can start by forgetting there was such a person as Philip. As you mentioned, he happens to be my husband. I intend to have him to myself. That, incidentally, is what I married him for."

" Really ? Rather selfish, isn't it ? I mean, wanting to make a monopoly of him. You should know there aren't enough men to go round."

" Oh, it 's just an idea we wives have among ourselves ; you 've heard of the marriage bond, perhaps ? . . . but you wouldn't. You 'd only know the kind they keep in banks. You see, marriage means quite a lot to some people, so there 're a few awkward details you 'll have to face up to."

" Trot 'em out. I 'm still undismayed. I 've been through this kind of friendly discussion too often to be put off by a little wifely sales-talk. I 'm practically shock-proof, anyway."

" Well, I handle a particular brand of electricity that 's guaranteed to pierce a tougher hide than yours. Here 're a few volts all to yourself."

Daphne turned on the current.

" Philip looks a rich kind of guy. Always a bulging wallet, cheques okay, best places to dine and dance, swell theatre seats. No stinting anywhere ; every whiff of him tangs of dough. And that 's what you 're after."

" Nothing could be nearer the truth. Really, your insight stupefies me ! "

" Now that your blackmail act is out, since I know the story backwards, there 's only one racket left. You 'll try to soak him for a swell time, lay on the bills, with commission for a side-line, and when he gets wise and throws you over, you 'll just call him a dumb cluck like the others and sign up the next in the sucker queue."

" Right every time. You couldn't know the programme better if you were in the game yourself. But what 're you going to do about it—burn his bank balance, or merely dynamite the bank ? Tell me more. Really, I ' m interested."

" If I burned Philip's bank balance there wouldn't be enough ash over to put under a microscope. That 's how big it is."

The dame's face fell a foot.

" What 's that ? Whose dough is it, then — yours ? "

" Right first time. I happen to be Desmond Fairfax's daughter ; we 're fairly well off, you know. Perhaps you 've heard of Fairfax, the automobile people, or maybe you only use a tram ? "

" I 'll say I have. So it 's like that. He married you for the family lucre and a swell job doing doodles on a blotting-pad. And there was I playing him for an honest guy. Guess that 's the end of the chapter."

" Just about. Consider the book out of circulation. And now you 'd better go, before I change my mind and have the waiter call an ambulance."

" I 'll go," said the dame. " No use foolin' around with a dope who 's at the borrowing end of his income . . . to think of all that time wasted, when I could 've got that Portuguese banker in tow. You 've sure got a dame-proof hubby."

. . . . . .

When Philip came into the restaurant at seven-thirty, the first woman he saw was his wife. He came over and sat in the chair which the dame had vacated. He had a dinner appointment with an important guy he 'd been trying to see for years, he explained, and Daphne didn't bother about her own story when she saw the worried expression on his face. She got up.

" Off to Cinario's for a little flutter on the wheel," she said. " And d' you know, Philip, I 've suddenly developed a terribly expensive taste. I think I 'll get a mink to-morrow, and they 've got a dress at Maby's that 'll kill you, it 's so stunning."

" You mean the dress or the bill ? "

" Stupid ! But that reminds me. Be a grand guy, darling, and give me some cash. I 'm flat broke."

" But Daphne, I 've given you your allowance, and it 's only the fifth of the month."

" That 's the tragedy. Can't you make up for it by cutting down on business colleague expenses ? I 'm sure they 'd understand if you didn't take them to theatres and dances quite so often. You know I can't get a dime out of father. He says it 's up to a rich guy like you to support his wife above . . . all other items."

Philip glanced anxiously round the restaurant, sighed, and opened his wallet. [THE END.

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

IN THEIR HOMES: A SOCIAL QUARTETTE.

LADY FAIRFAX *was photographed with her elder son,* THOMAS BRIAN McKELVIE, MASTER OF FAIRFAX, *in her Stanhope Street House. He is thirteen and is at Eton. Lady Fairfax is the wife of the twelfth Baron.*

ANDREW ARNOLD LYON WILLS, *a godson of the Queen, is seen at home with his mother, the* HON. MRS. JOHN WILLS. *She is a niece of the Queen, and the second daughter of Lord Elphinstone. She married Mr. John Lycett Wills, 2nd Life Guards, last year.*

LADY DOVERDALE *has a charming new flat in Arlington House. The lamp which she is adjusting is real Chinese cloisonné in fine shades of blue and green.*

Right: MISS GLEN ALYN, *a sister of Lady Doverdale, is a screen actress with Warner Brothers. She has appeared in films with Jack Buchanan and Max Miller. Her most recent film is "Simply Terrific," with Claude Hulbert.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JANE HAYDON.

THE ATHERSTONE HUNT BALL AT ARBURY HALL.

MR. E. B. DE HAMEL and MRS. E. V. POTTS are seen in the picture-gallery. Mrs. Fitzroy-Newdigate, elder daughter of the late Sir Francis Newdegate Newdigate, inherited Arbury from her father.

Left: MISS LUCIA ANNE FITZROY-NEWDIGATE *is the débutante daughter of Commander and Mrs. Fitzroy-Newdigate. She is with* MR. J. W. PINNEY.

The ATHERSTONE HUNT BALL *was held at Arbury Hall, Nuneaton, the residence of Commander and Mrs. J. M. Fitzroy-Newdigate. Our photograph shows the hostess,* MRS. FITZROY-NEWDIGATE *(wearing tiara), dancing in the beautiful ballroom. Arbury is associated with the novelist "George Eliot," as her father was agent to Francis Newdigate for Arbury, as well as for his Derbyshire estates. Commander Fitzroy-Newdigate is a son of the Speaker of the House of Commons.*

MISS ANNE MITCHISON *and* MR. *and* MRS. QUINTIN HOARE *are the trio in this group in the picture-gallery (l. to r.).*

This group includes MISS DONISTHORPE *and* CAPTAIN CLEMENTS *(left) and* MISS MOORE *and* MR. WILSON. *The picture-gallery, which contains many interesting works, was used for sitting-out.*

Right: MR. IAN TAYLOR, MRS. TOWNSEND, *wife of the Joint-Master of the South Atherstone,* MRS. D. WILLIAMS, *and* MR. PAT WIGAN *are the quartet in our group at the ball.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY R. BATLLES.

NATIONALIST SPAIN'S ROYAL STUART REPRESENTATIVE IN LONDON.

It was announced recently that the DUKE OF ALBA AND BERWICK *had been officially appointed to represent Nationalist Spain in London. The Duke, who is well known here, is a Royal Stuart, as he is descended from the great Duke of Berwick, Marshal of France, who was the son of King James II. and Arabella Churchill. He is a man of many interests, one of the chief of these being the Spanish Academy of History, of which he is president. This has just been reconstituted by General Franco. Speaking in the House of Commons Mr. Eden said: "The House will recollect that the Duke of Alba was a very good friend of this country during the war." The Duke is a widower and has one little girl.*

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

MR. and MRS. TERENCE MAXWELL *were guests at the Blue Bird Ball in aid of the Belgrave Hospital for Children. Mrs. Maxwell is the only daughter of the late Sir Austen Chamberlain and of Lady Chamberlain.*

A HAPPY New Year to you all! The old 1937, which will be danced out on Friday at the Chelsea Arts Club Ball to the theme of "Flaming Youth," lived up to its Coronation brilliance in every way; but if 1938 must perforce resign itself to being more drab from the social angle, let's hope that it may also be quieter internationally, and less full of alarms and excursions. Never did we sing "Peace on Earth, Goodwill to men" with more of a prayer than this Christmas!

The COUNTESS OF LISTOWEL *is here posed with her little daughter,* LADY DEIRDRE HARE. *Lady Listowel, who is Hungarian by birth, is a most talented speaker and has been on two extensive and successful lecture tours in America.*

And now to more cheerful and frivolous topics. Parties kept us busy until within a few days of the holiday; and Mr. Seymour Leslie's final effort of Coronation Year for Queen Charlotte's Hospital was one of his most successful, and that's saying a mouthful! The *coup d'œil* from the balcony looking down on the great ballroom of Grosvenor House was enchanting. All the supper-tables had gaily-coloured umbrellas set up over them, and the special "sunshine" lighting was most convincing.

. . .

MISS HARRISON BIRD *wore a frock adorned with blue birds when she attended the Blue Bird Ball.*

Dart-playing, as you know, has been sampled by the highest in the land, for the Queen showed that she can throw a pretty dart when she defeated the King in her first attempt at Slough the other day. Well, Mrs. Anthony Eden tried her hand at the sport at the Le Touquet Ball, and to some purpose, for she carried off a prize for registering a score over 60 in three throws. As a result of this display of skill, she went away with a bottle of something under her arm, and was so bitten with the fun of the game that she went back after supper and had several other tries. She did not, however, equal her initial success. What a handsome woman Mrs. Eden is, and she was looking quite her best in a black faille dress, with bands of black velvet on the hem. The list of guests at the ball included many notable people, such as the Bessboroughs (who are at Stansted Park for Christmas and the New Year) and their daughter, Lady Moyra Ponsonby.

LADY FRASER, *wife of Sir Keith Fraser, Bt., wore silver shoes with very high soles and heels at the Blue Bird Ball.*

The food at the Le Touquet Ball is worth mentioning, as it was specially devised by André Simon, and included pigeons in little cradles made out of apples filled with *foie gras,* which were intended, I understand, to symbolise the little patients at Queen Charlotte's Hospital—rather a cannibalistic idea, but the dish was an excellent one, all the same!

. . .

Both the Liberals and the Conservatives were junketing before Christmas, for the Liberal Ball, with Lady Crewe as hostess, was on the evening before the Young Conservatives' "hop," which was a huge success, and must have indeed delighted Miss Fardell, the originator of the flourishing Young Conservatives Association. The dress of the week was, by the way, the semi-Victorian model worn by Lady Crewe at the Liberal Ball. It was made of heavy creamy satin, and had real bustle draperies at the back.

. . . . . .

It was time that we should know what other Slav nations besides the Russians are doing in the way of ballet, and so all good balletomanes were delighted to hear that the Polish Ballet was to pay us a visit. Some of us were disappointed at the actuality, as it had not been sufficiently impressed on us beforehand that this is quite a young company, without much tradition behind it. All we had heard was that the Ballet had been awarded a gold medal at the Paris Exhibition.

The Ballet have Nijinska as choreographer and artistic director, and on the first night she had to appear many times at the end of the various items on the programme, in response to prolonged applause. At the première we heard the Polish National Anthem, which, in pre-war Poland, under the Tsarist régime, it was a capital offence to sing, so a certain historic thrill belongs to this tune.

As to the programme, one of the best items is "The Song of the Soil," with its peasant dances, as it shows us what the Oberek, the Kujawiak, and the Mazur are like in their most unsophisticated forms. On the first night the somewhat sibilant sounds of Polish were to be heard everywhere at Covent Garden. The Polish Ambassador's large party included Lady Dashwood. Princess Marie Louise and Princess Helena Victoria were in the Royal Box, and on the following night Queen Victoria Eugénie of Spain and the Infanta Maria Cristina occupied it with a party which included Lord and Lady Derwent.

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Before-holiday music included the performance of Handel's "Messiah" at Covent Garden, at the last pre-Christmas Beecham Sunday concert, for which there was a tremendous rush for tickets; and a couple of studio recitals by Ivan Phillipowsky at Mr. Stuart Hill's lovely studio in Glebe Place. His first programme consisted of works by Chopin and Schumann, and the second was of a more varied nature, though it comprised also only examples of nineteenth- and twentieth-century composers, such as Brahms, Glazounov, Medtner, and others. One of the habitués of these agreeable recitals is Mr. Standish Vereker, Lord Gort's handsome young son, who takes a keen interest in music as well as in the other arts. He is just engaged to Miss Yvonne Barnett, daughter of Lady Aline Barnett. Others in the audience were Lady Kathleen Curzon-Herrick and her sister, Lady Kilmorey, Miss Audrey Acland-Hood, sister of Lord St. Audries, and the Duca and Duchesa del Monte, of the Italian Embassy.

Ex-débutante Miss Carollinda Waters is already out in Switzerland. She is established in Davos with a girl friend and a Swiss chaperon. Miss Waters does not, however, need much chaperonage on the skating-rink, for she won her International Bronze Medal at the age of seven, and at the age of twelve was runner-up to Cecilia Colledge in a competition. Her Swiss holiday can only be brief, for she is due back at London University early in January, where she is working for her B.Sc. Her mother, Lady Butterfield, is giving a dance for her in the early spring, when she will be eighteen, though she was presented during Coronation summer, and she will have to work through another two seasons at the University. This reminds me that a number of the ex-débutantes are quite willingly putting their noses back to the grindstone, so to speak. Miss Ruth Ezra, dark-eyed and dark-haired cousin of Sir Philip Sassoon, practises the piano a minimum of two hours daily, has golf lessons and car-driving lessons, and she and her mother are taking a course in cookery together as soon as Christmas is over! Her great friend Tatiana Wiasemsky is equally energetic and is learning two languages simultaneously, Russian and Spanish, having already achieved volubility in French, German, and Italian. Penelope Sassoon, a cousin, who also made her début last summer, is to give a sherry-party with her mother in Green Street on Jan. 6, on her return home from three months' study of Italian architecture and painting in Florence.

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One of the most delightful social gatherings of the pre-holiday period in London was the marriage of Miss Mollie Floud, daughter of the High Commissioner in Canada for the United Kingdom (who came specially to England to give his daughter away), and Mr. Peter du Sautoy, whose people come from Worcestershire. The ceremony took place at Chelsea Old Church, and during the service three solos were given by Miss Pamela Ford, who has just won the open scholarship for all England for singing at the Royal College of Music. She sang carols, including two traditional ones, "How Far is it to Bethlehem?" and "I Saw a Maiden." She has a lovely clear soprano of that bell-like quality which is so perfect in a church.

The engagement of MISS ANNETTE DREW, *only child of the late Major F. W. M. Drew, D.S.O., of Drewscourt, Co. Cork, and of Mrs. Drew, of Sunbury-on-Thames, to Mr. John Simon Every, elder son of Sir Edward Every, Bt., has been announced.*

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And since the New Year is a suitable time to think of new houses, let me tell you about one. Lady Morvyth Benson, who is in process of moving from the flat she made from a Marylebone hay-loft in a mews to a tiny house in Cowley Street, Westminster, has the faculty of creating unusual miniature homes for herself in London. Her new residence dates from 1758; unfortunately, owing to its age, some of the walls have needed drastic treatment, and Captain "Con" Benson and she are more or less homeless in London until next March, and are spending most of their time at Shawcross, their country house near Winchester.

In her Marylebone flat, Lady Morvyth had a brown-and-white drawing-room, a Regency bedroom, complete with gilded swans, and a tangerine-and-cream dining-room. In her new home she is concentrating on the simplest Lancashire cottons for decoration, combined with an amusing yellow felt from Holland, and almost everywhere early Victorian wall-papers. Her own bedroom was formerly an attic, and is so tiny that Lady Morvyth has decided to have a dressing-fitment all along one wall (Countess Orloff-Davidoff, Lady Howard de Walden's eldest daughter, has one too, in her St. John's Wood house), and has asked John Fowler to paint it with the same violet, cerise, and pearl-grey plaid as her wall-paper, so that no one will be able to tell t'other from which. Instead of curtains in this room, there are to be typical "drapes" of the period, made of mauve-and-white striped cotton, and blinds of striped green-and-white chintz that imitate persiennes.

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It is Lady Morvyth Benson's dining-room, however, that should really inspire guests to "go gay" over their meals—incidentally, this hostess had an excellent Czech woman cook—for she has decided upon brilliant yellow felt curtains lined with purple and edged with brown-and-white fringe, and the wallpaper is a Victorian "buttoned" design in pale violet and grey. Cotton will appear again in the drawing-room, where the original pine panelling of the period is being painted French grey, and red-and-white striped cotton curtains are being provided with grey-and-white tartan cotton frills. These are to hang from rococo wooden pelmets copied from a 1750 bed.

It is amusing how the vine-leaf early-Victorian wallpaper has captured the imagination of the moderns again. Captain "Con" Benson is to have it in blue in his bedroom and Lady Patricia Ward has it in pale grey in her hall.

"The 'vivats' with which Rex Georgius and Regina Elissa were greeted when they arrived for the Westminster Latin play on Monday evening nearly took the dormitory roof off," writes my learned spy who attended the performance of "Adelphi," honoured by the presence of the King and Queen; and goes on to say: "The seventeenth century came vividly to life in a setting that has changed little with the years, and there is a curious and attractive distinction in the 'old' Latin pronunciation. The 'Adelphi' of Terence is not a very good play, judged by purely dramatic standards, but the boys did well, and everything went with commendable smoothness.

"During the interval their Majesties proceeded up on to the stage, and a number of distinguished guests and Old Westminster bigwigs, including a good sprinkling of Cabinet Ministers, were presented to them. Also the matron, with whom they talked animatedly and at some length.

"The epilogue, with its current political satire, was no less witty than usual, the scene opening with 'Micio, a statesman in office,' suitably attired in waders and fishing for taxes!"

MISS DIANA CALDWELL *is to be a bridesmaid to Lady Patricia Mackay when she marries Mr. H. W. Hibbert on January 12 at the Brompton Oratory.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY LENARE.

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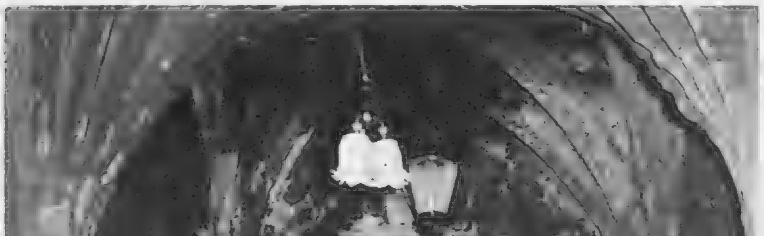
Those who have gone to Scotland for Christmas and Hogmanay will no doubt attend the marriage in Brechin Cathedral of Lady Ida Ramsay and Captain George Johnson on Jan. 4. The bride is to wear orange blossom grown from sprigs which were part of the head-dress worn by her mother at her marriage in 1903. Her dress is of gold and white brocade with a pattern of arum lilies; and the velvet-clad bridesmaids will feel cosy.

MARIEGOLD.



THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING *and* QUEEN *attended the Westminster Play last week, and heard Westminster scholars perform the "Adelphi" and give the customary satire on current events as an epilogue. Their Majesties were greeted with the very words that welcomed King William IV. 103 years ago. But their visit stands out from all other royal visits to Westminster School, for it is the first occasion on which the Sovereign has graced the performance in the year of his Coronation; and it is the first time that he has been accompanied by his Consort.* The HEADMASTER, MR. J. T. CHRISTIE, *is seen with their Majesties in our photograph.*

THE HAMPSHIRE HUNT BALL AT WINCHESTER.

The HAMPSHIRE HUNT BALL *was held recently at the Guildhall, Winchester.* MISS DIANA MILLS, MR. JOHN DUPREE, MRS. B. O'HAGAN *and* MR. GEORGE KINNAIRD *(l. to r.) were guests.*

MISS NANCY JOY, *who wore a becoming ostrich-feather cape, is booking a dance with* MR. H. E. SALES.

LADY SMILEY *(formerly Miss Nancy Beaton) is seen with* CAPTAIN JEFFREYS. *She is the wife of Sir Hugh Smiley, Bt.*

MR. HARVEY BATHURST *and* LADY ROSEMARY JEFFREYS, *sister of the Earl of Normanton, danced together.*

VISCOUNT LYMINGTON, *son of the Earl of Portsmouth, is shown in conversation with* VISCOUNTESS LYMINGTON.

MR. R. HOBSON, MISS CYNTHIA CHARRINGTON, *and* MR. ALEC WIGAN *faced the camera together.*

LADY GRENFELL *(formerly Miss Betty Shaughnessy) and* MR. L. I. T. WHITTAKER *are the guests in this snapshot.*

CHRISTOPHER BRETT *is here seen with his gaze fixed on his grandmother,* MRS. EBENEZER PIKE, *better known to "Sketch" readers as the artist, Olive Snell. He is the only son of the* HON. MRS. LIONEL BRETT, *wife of the Hon. Lionel Brett, Lord Esher's son and heir. She was Miss Helena Christian ("Pom") Pike, and married Mr. Brett in 1935. Christopher Lionel Baliol was born last year.*

Right: Another study of the HON. MRS. LIONEL BRETT *and* CHRISTOPHER. *Mr. Lionel Brett is an architect, and he and his wife have waited over two years while an old house in St. John's Wood has been pulled down and their new house built of orange-coloured bricks brought from Worcestershire. It will be thoroughly modern in design and include many labour-saving devices.*

CHRISTOPHER BRETT WITH HIS MOTHER AND GRANDMOTHER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY YEVONDE.

The conclusion of "FOR A MAN" *in* "FOLIES SUPERBES," *the new Clifford C. Fischer London Casino revue. Lilyan and Dania and Malo are in the great bed.*

The APACHE SCENE *with the gigantic knife is a striking number. Irene Helda and Robertson are the dancers posed beneath the blade.*

"FOLIES SUPERBES" WITH A PROLOGUE OF "ILLUSIONS": GI

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LUCAS

"ILLUSIONS" *is the prologue to the revue. Here Corinne is posed in the centre as "Illusion of Youth," with a bevy of beautiful dancers round her.*

Lino Carenzio plays the part of "THE BIRD OF NIGHT" *in the number of that name, and Corinne is the Girl taking a sensational leap just out of reach.*

KNIFE AND BIRD OF NIGHT AT THE LONDON CASINO.

CHARD.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

THE VOYAGING ENGLAND EIGHT—FOR ROWING THEIR WAY TO VICTORY (WE TRUST) IN SWINGING BOXES ON BOARD AN AUSTRALIAN-BOUND LINER.

THE CREW TO REPRESENT ENGLAND at the Empire Games Regatta in Sydney, Australia, are rowing most of the way to their destination! This is not such an impossible statement as it sounds. It is true that they are passengers on board the Orient liner *Ormonde*; but they keep fit during the weeks of the voyage by rowing daily in a series of "swinging boxes" which look like shoeblacks' rests, placed in a row so that the eight occupy their usual positions, as illustrated in our photograph. We referred to this device in our issue of Dec 1, and gave a small photograph.

MISS ELLEN POLLOCK (*aided by* MISS NERINA SHUTE; *left*)—FOR BUYING THE HEN HERE SEEN (NOT "HETTY") WHO IS TO PLAY OPPOSITE TO HER IN "THE PRODIGAL MOTHER."

IT will be recalled by mature playgoers that "Hetty the Hen" was a character much referred to by Mr. George Graves. So far as we remember, Hetty never appeared in person on the stage, so the hen which plays opposite to Miss Ellen Pollock in "The Prodigal Mother," due at the Q Theatre on January 10, will be a poultry débutante. The hen who will have this honour was purchased by MISS NERINA SHUTE, author of the play, and MISS ELLEN POLLOCK.

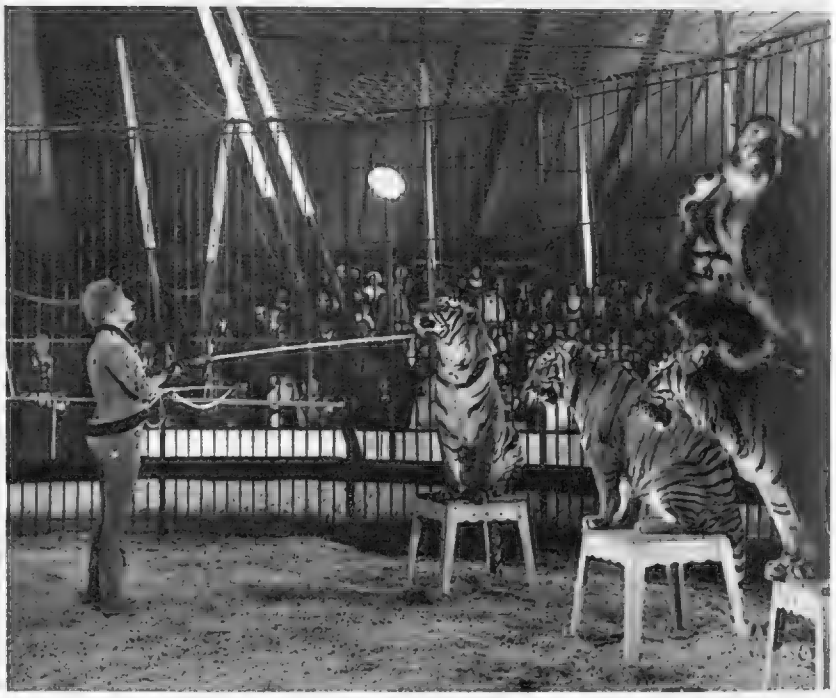
MISS EVELYN WALLER, a member of the Loughton (Essex) Women's Institute, has arranged to play the part of the King in "The Six Wives of Henry," to be given early in the New Year in the very suitably named Lopping Hall, Loughton. She made her costume, which cost 7s. 6d.

MISS EVELYN WALLER (*here seen as herself and in character*)—FOR PLAYING HENRY VIII. IN "THE SIX WIVES OF HENRY" IN A SEVEN-AND-SIXPENNY COSTUME AND, APPROPRIATELY, IN LOPPING HALL!

FRANÇOISE ROSAY plays the part of a *dompteuse* in her latest film "Les Gens du Voyage" ("The Circus People"). She is not doubled by an animal trainer, but did her dangerous sequences in the animals' cage in person. The "big cats" were well accustomed by their regular tamer to Mme. Rosay's appearance—wearing a wig resembling the coiffure of Mme. Rosay and using her scent. By this means, Mme. Rosay's life was safeguarded.

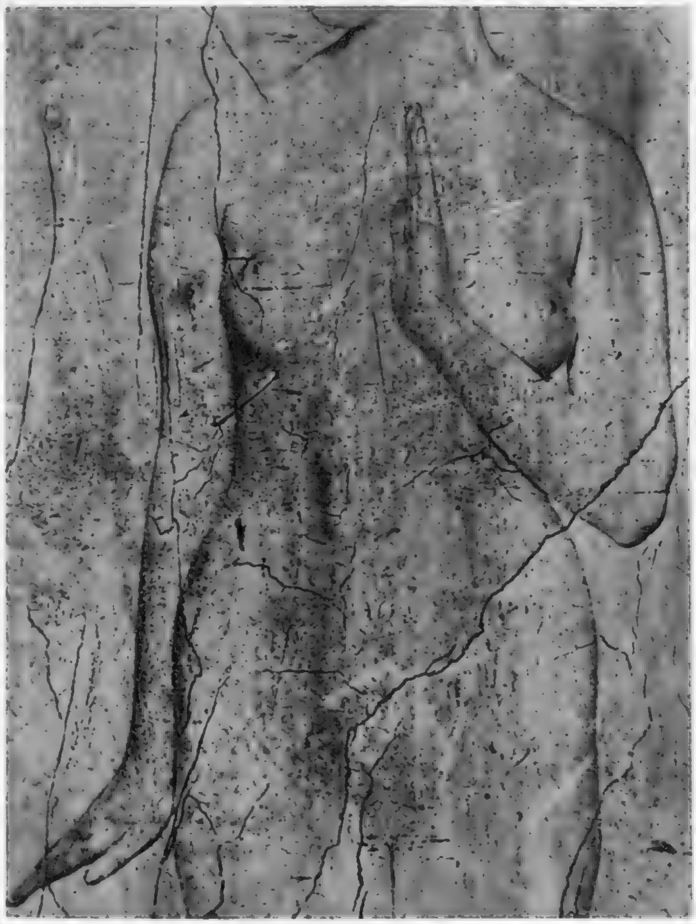
SIR HUGH ALLEN—FOR INCLUDING IN THE ATTAINMENTS OF A GOOD MUSIC-TEACHER THE DELICACY AND QUICKNESS OF A DRAGON-FLY, THE DIPLOMACY OF AN ARCHANGEL, THE EYE OF A HAWK, AND THE EAR OF A TERRIER.

SIR HUGH ALLEN, who is due to retire from the directorship of the Royal College of Music at the end of the year, said recently, according to the *Evening News*, that the attainments of a good music-teacher are the hand of a musician, the mind of a seer, the persuasiveness of an Orpheus, the eye of a hawk, the ear of a terrier, the patience of Job, the optimism of a Micawber, the delicacy and quickness of a dragon-fly, the courage of a lion, and the diplomacy of an archangel.



MME. FRANÇOISE ROSAY *and the* REAL TAMER—FOR SO DOUBLING A PART AS TO DECEIVE THE GREAT CATS BY USING THE SAME SCENT AND WEARING SIMILAR COIFFURES.

A NEW FORM OF SOCIETY PHOTOGRAPHY: "ARCHÆOLOGICAL" PORTRAITS.



This new and charming form of interior decoration for the home wall shows THE LADY OF THE HOUSE IN ARCHÆOLOGICAL NUDE-PORTRAITURE. *It is the idea of a clever French photographer,* CHARLES HURAULT, *who is represented by several examples of his invention on the walls of drawing-rooms and salons in Paris and on the Riviera. He claims that it brings artistic nude-photography within the realm of such* objets d'art *as a torso excavated in Egypt, or sculpture by a great master. These photographs are definite portraits; although, in some cases, minus the head. The method is quite easy: " Just snap Madame in a classical attitude: then photograph a detail of an old wall, and print the two shots on the same paper. Snap the wall from a different point each time, and the variety of archæological effect is enormous."*

"PARADISE FOR TWO"; "ALI BABA GOES TO TOWN"; AND "HEIDI."

"PARADISE FOR TWO," *at the Odeon, is a high-spirited London Films production in which* PATRICIA ELLIS *plays Jeannette, the dancer, and* JACK HULBERT *René Martin, the young millionaire.*

"PARADISE FOR TWO." *René Martin* (JACK HULBERT), *the millionaire, is mistaken by Jeannette* (PATRICIA ELLIS) *for a newspaper man. Miki* (GOOGIE WITHERS) *is Jeannette's friend.*

"ALI BABA GOES TO TOWN," *at the Gaumont, Haymarket.* EDDIE CANTOR *as Ali Baba in the Twentieth Century-Fox musical in which the great comedian stars.*

"ALI BABA GOES TO TOWN." *When Ali Baba* (EDDIE CANTOR) *rides a camel he has it carry a registration number on its hindquarters! There's many a good laugh in this riotous picture.*

"HEIDI," *at the Regal.* SHIRLEY TEMPLE *plays the little Swiss girl who manages to cure the delicate Klara Sesemann* (MARCIA MAE JONES). *Fräulein Rottenmeier* (MARY NASH) *is watching.*

"HEIDI." SHIRLEY TEMPLE, *the Swiss girl, and her grandfather, Adolph Kramer* (JEAN HERSHOLT). *He is tyrannical and universally feared until he comes under Heidi's softening influence.*

MODERN COMEDY AND FINANCE AND ROMANCE COSTUME FILMS.

" SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS," at the New Gallery. *Diana* (JUNE CLYDE) *is in her foam-bath; with Morgan* (ROMNEY BRENT), *Geoffrey* (HENRY KENDALL), *and Marion* (DIANA CHURCHILL) *in attendance. The film is a light-hearted modern comedy.*

Right: " School for Husbands." JUNE CLYDE *as Diana Cheswick, one of the neglected wives. Bored by her husband, she decides to elope with the fascinating Leonard. Her friend Marion also thinks that an affaire with Leonard might be a good idea.*

" THE TOAST OF NEW YORK," *at the London Pavilion, is a big business drama of the U.S.A. at the outbreak of the American Civil War. Jim Fisk* (EDWARD ARNOLD) *is fascinated by a dancing girl.*

" The Toast of New York." Jim Fisk (EDWARD ARNOLD; *right) and Nick Boyd* (CARY GRANT) *bluff Daniel Drew* (DONALD MEEK; *left) into thinking they are going to compete against his shipping lines.*

" The Toast of New York." FRANCES FARMER *plays Josie Mansfield, who takes a maid's job as a means of breaking into the theatre in New York. Nick* (CARY GRANT) *thinks her a gold-digger.*

Left: " THE RETURN OF THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL," *at the Tivoli.* BARRY K. BARNES *plays the part of Sir Percy Blakeney in this thrilling sequel to Baroness Orczy's original story. The Pimpernel is here seen as himself, the elegant Sir Percy.*

Right: " The Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel." Sir Percy Blakeney (BARRY K. BARNES) *and Sir Andrew Ffoulkes* (ANTHONY BUSHELL) *looking very unlike themselves. They are disguised as tumbril drivers of the Terror in order to save Lady Blakeney.*

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By IVOR BROWN.

THE American language is always a little longer and more consequential than our own. When we briefly say "Work the lift," they prefer to remark "Operate the elevator." So when we talk about the service in an hotel, they, just to keep things going a bit, say "Room Service." "ROOM SERVICE" is what you ask for when you want some food sent up. It is also the name of a farce which has been the joy of New York and has now settled at the Strand Theatre, thanks to the offices of Mr. Jack Waller. By "settled," I mean settled down, good and hard and prosperous. At least, I hope so. For it is a grand bit of nonsense and deserves to be as much enjoyed here as it was at home.

The Americans may talk longer and slower than we do, but they act faster as a rule. "Room Service," however, is not performed in such a tearaway manner or with such use of an alien lingo that you will find it hard to keep up. It offers the simple and violent humours of a stranded theatre-team on Broadway who have a play, an author, a theatre, a cast—in short, everything but money, of which precious commodity the shortage is so appalling that they cannot even buy a meal. The manager holds on to his room in the hotel, begging for more credit, begging even for crumbs, in the hope of finding a backer at last.

So the farce develops as a kind of lunatic siege-warfare. The hotel-people are trying to put the actors in the street and the actors are continually fabricating reasons why they should be allowed to remain. The author is made to pretend to fall ill, even to fall dead. Surely a corpse will be allowed a roof over its head. This is not the kind of fun that can easily be related in narrative form. You have to meet the preposterous people and watch them stride through their preposterous story. You will especially like Mr. William Swetland, as the lean and lank, severe and cynical director of the play, and Mr. Hartley Power, as the invincible manager, for whom no crisis is too much. With a sly, inventive smile he can find his way out of any hot corner and yet he never develops cold feet. The men's parts are all capitally performed, but the ladies do not get much of a look-in. Add "Room Service" to your list of light shows for Christmas visiting. It is very different, of course, from our "George and Margaret" (Wyndham's) or "French Without Tears" (Criterion), but it joins the class of the Must-be-seens. With Mr. Leslie Henson in magnificent form at the Gaiety and "Housemaster" still delighting audiences at the Aldwych, Comedy Corner, as this part of the world is called, is well set for the Christmas season.

"ME AND MY GAL," at the Victoria Palace, has a democratic flavour in its title and a democratic theme for its plot. Not long ago Mr. Lupino Lane was very amusing at the Coliseum in a play about racing and punting called "Twenty to One." He had the part of a Cockney bookmaker or sportsman called Snibson, and here is our Snibson again. But this time he has been translated to the glory of a feudal mansion, to which, by some accident of birth, he has been promoted at least for a probationary period. So Snibson arrives with a grey bowler, a Cockney accent, considerable agility (trust Mr. Lupino Lane for some humour of the collapsible type), and a lively lady (Miss Teddie St. Denis) in order to sample life among the ultra-baronial halls. The result is song, dance, acrobatics, and all the usual trimmings of a robust musical show.

Now, if you were condemned to the rather chilly and metallic company of suits of armour in an ultra-baronial hall, you would like to have a good cellar below stairs and some good company above. Whom, in that case, would you choose as a partner for convivial nights? Mr. George Graves? Certainly. None better. And here is Mr. Graves, very much at your service, with his chin in his hand, as of old, and, needless to say, with a vein of humour as fruity as the baronial port. Mr. Graves endears us to the blood that runs blue, though the nose be red. He may be said in this piece to represent the aristocracy on its mellower side. There are severer faces. There are those who would tame Mr. Snibson and improve his manners. They gloriously fail.

You do not expect, in a play of this type and at this address, a sophisticated entertainment. The nobility and gentry, as well as Snibson and partner, are there to amuse the democracy, and that means straightforward comedy with no frills. This kind of fun is suitably provided with a good tune or two and a good joke or two and no false pretensions. There is always pleasure in seeing a job expertly done. Mr. Lupino Lane has the family gift (Mr. Wallace Lupino is also in the cast) and he has also the family zest for hard work. He is a comedian who delights to serve the public with the last ounce of his energy: if we do not laugh, it is not for lack of trying on his part.

Sherriffs seems to have got himself a little mixed up last week, what with one thing and another! following the streamline—that he spent some perceptive hours at the Whitehall with "I KILLED

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE: "MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA" (Westminster). 7.—"ROBERT'S WIFE" (Globe). 8.30.—"HIDE AND SEEK" (Hippodrome). 8.15. "VICTORIA REGINA" (Lyric). 8.30.—"BALALAIKA" (His Majesty's). 8.15.—"FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS" (Criterion). 8.40. **PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING:** "OH! YOU LETTY" (Palace). 8.15.—"THANK YOU, MR. PEPYS" (Shaftesbury). 8.30.—"THE PHANTOM LIGHT" (Haymarket). 8.30.—"PEOPLE AT SEA" (Apollo). 8.30.—"IT'S IN THE BAG" (Saville). 8.30.—"AUTUMN" (St. Martin's). 8.30.—"ST. MORITZ" (Coliseum). 2.30 and 8.15.—"GOING GREEK" (Gaiety). 8.15.—"I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE" (Royalty). 8.30.—"BLACK LIMELIGHT" (Duke of York's). 8.30.—"TIME AND THE CONWAYS" (Duchess). 8.30.—"GEORGE AND MARGARET" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—"CREST OF THE WAVE" (Drury Lane). 8.15.—"I KILLED THE COUNT" (Whitehall). 8.30.—"ROOM SERVICE" (Strand). 8.30.

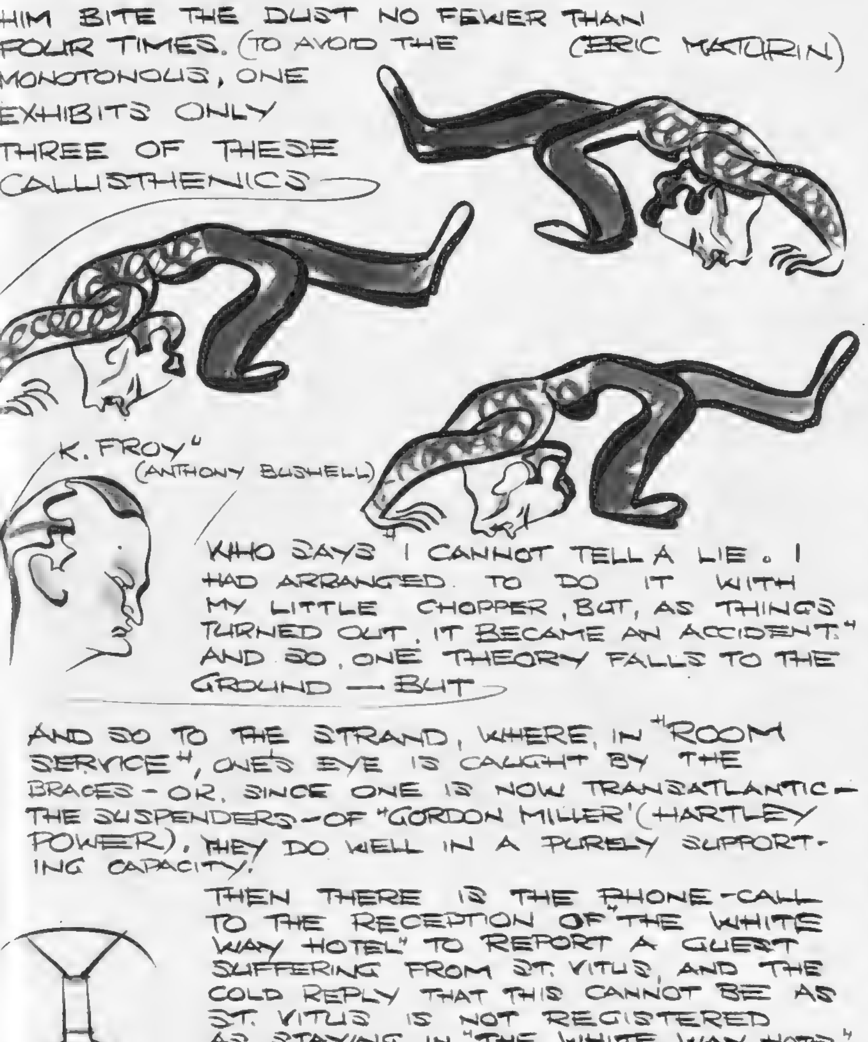
While every endeavour is made to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

THAT great little singing comedian, Eddie Cantor, has reappeared on the screen after an interval of well over a year in a fantasia that, appropriately enough, partakes of the nature of a grand Christmas pantomime. "ALI BABA GOES TO TOWN" (Gaumont, Haymarket) pokes fun at American politics, slips satire into its Oriental splendours, and removes a Sultan from his Oriental throne to run for President, though Eddie Cantor beats him at the poll. But it conforms to pantomime in its opulent dance ensembles, its Prince Charming and its lovely Princess and, above all, in its most convincing aerial evolutions of a magic carpet that rises to the word "inflation" and logically descends in obedience to "deflation." An amusing prologue to this dream of old Baghdad presents the star as a "hitch-hiking" autograph fiend bound for Hollywood. Taking a toss from a freight train, he lands himself, slightly damaged after colliding with a cavalcade of "Arabs," in the midst of a film company on location engaged in shooting a scene of "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves." He is offered a minor part by way of compensation, and thus it comes about that Al Babson, a mild but willing Thief, descends into his big jar, drops off into a drug-induced sleep, and pops out again, as Ali Baba, to settle the unrest in Baghdad by introducing taxes on camels and wives, road and bridge-building—albeit there are no goals for roads and no rivers to span—and generally running the legendary East according to the methods of the modern West. Eventually he rides out over the city on his magic mount, to scatter an invading army, and might have come to a nasty end were it not all a dream. The director, David Butler, maintains a lively tempo between songs and comic business for Mr. Cantor, whose engaging personality is excellently exploited. His quicksilver clowning finds an admirable foil in Roland Young's sedate Sultan and the romantic interludes of Tony Martin and June Lang. With a Hollywood première graced by several major stars—including Eddie Cantor himself—to round off a generous entertainment, the picture is good fun, whilst its political allusions are not too involved to escape an English audience.



However, his literary style is really quite clear on closer inspection, and you will find— THE COUNT." *Later (on the lower right) he observed* "ROOM SERVICE," *at the Strand.*

Once upon a time a charming Miss Nobody accepted a lift from a chauffeur, and because the car she rode in bore an archducal insignia, she was rocketed into fame and affluence. That was in "Der Komet," a delightful Austrian play and the acknowledged source of Sonja Henie's second picture, "Lovely to Look At." Sonja rode in a royal car, had honours thrust upon her, and mistook the unknown owner of the car for a reporter. The chorus-girl heroine of "PARADISE FOR TWO" (Odeon, Leicester Square) follows closely in her footsteps, though the wheels that bespatter Patricia Ellis's pretty legs are attached to a mere millionaire's automobile. She rides in it, however; she becomes the centre of gossip and the white hope of anyone who has anything to sell. Moreover, when the millionaire calls on the chorus-girl, now risen to stardom on the strength of a non-existent patron, he in his turn is assumed to be a reporter. He comes to chide, he stays to chat, he lingers to fall in love and, of course, he finances the spectacular show in which the one-time chorus-girl, with his own impromptu support, scores a big success. It is a useful theme, lending itself to any amount of gay decoration, and in "Paradise for Two" it is neatly twisted into characteristic comedy, song and dance for Jack Hulbert. As the very correct financier with rather surprising stage aspirations, he yields to unwonted romance with exhilarating results. His austere office blossoms at his orders; his homely secretary, Sydney Fairbrother, follows suit, the while Mr. Hulbert, thoroughly enjoying his mistaken identity, gives an imitation of himself as a millionaire which the charming Patricia Ellis considers very "overdone." The play has wit and good invention to commend it, but why it should be set in Paris I cannot imagine, for neither Mr. Hulbert's truly British humour nor Miss Ellis's pleasant American accent even faintly suggests the Parisian. But, resourcefully directed by Thornton Freeland and elegant in its décors, with a glittering stage show to justify the hero's handsome cheque, this lighthearted entertainment happily reflects the spontaneity and zest of its volatile star.

The Curzon's holiday entertainment is "AMPHITRYON," a satire on a Greek legend that, in its stage form, is at present proving a big success in New York, where the Lunts are playing this saucy comedy in classic guise to packed houses. The picture produced by Gunther Stapenhorst and directed by Reinhold Schunzel presents an amorous escapade of Jupiter, who has taken a fancy to the fair Alcmène, in musical form, but although Franz Doelle's ballads and concerted numbers have a pretty lilt to them, the humour of the intrigue might have had a sharper edge and certainly a swifter development without its melodious interpolations. Jupiter, in order to lay siege to Amphitryon's virtuous wife, assumes the soldierly exterior of the absent General, anticipating the latter's triumphant return from the wars by a day and forcing the attendant Mercury to appear as Amphitryon's alcoholic "batman," Sosias. The jest culminates when the real General arrives, to collide with his double, whilst Sosias suffers a like experience, till Juno steps in to retrieve her errant spouse. We are told that this is the thirty-ninth version of a famous story. If that is so, I can only imagine it needs a more sprightly wit than the script-writer here reveals to discover its attractions. But it is beautifully staged in a shimmering vision of Thebes, and its crowd scenes, winding up with a grand spectacular ensemble, can vie with the set-piece of any big musical show. Henry Garat as Jupiter-Amphitryon, Jeanne Boitel as Alcmène, and Marguerite Moreno as the outraged Juno play smoothly into each other's hands in this Theban forerunner of French farce.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE: "UN CARNET DE BAL" (Studio One).—"100 MEN AND A GIRL" (Leicester Square Theatre).—"LE ROMAN D'UN TRICHEUR" (Academy).—"ALI BABA GOES TO TOWN" (Gaumont, Haymarket). **FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING:** "PARADISE FOR TWO" (Odeon).—"TRUE CONFESSION" (Plaza).—"MONICA AND MARTIN" (Berkeley).—"LO SQUADRONE BIANCO" (Academy).—"HEIDI" (Regal).—"THE RETURN OF THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL" (Tivoli).—"AMPHITRYON" (Curzon).

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS: BERTRAM MILLS'S CIRCUS (Olympia); ALTHOFF'S CIRCUS (Agricultural Hall, Islington); "WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS" (Holborn Empire); "ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS" (Playhouse); "CINDERELLA" (Princes); "ALADDIN" (Adelphi); "A KISS FOR CINDERELLA" (Phoenix); "PETER PAN" (Palladium); "BEAUTY AND THE BEAST" (Lyceum); "THE BOY WHO LOST HIS TEMPER" (Garrick); "WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD" (Fortune).

While every endeavour is made to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur.

"TRUE CONFESSION," the Paramount picture at the Plaza, is the story of a liar who has Sapphira beaten on points. CAROLE LOMBARD *is Helen Bartlett, the girl who must fib. Her husband, Ken* (FRED MacMURRAY), *has just forbidden her to take a job. "The wife's place is the home" is his view.*

Helen does take a job and her employer is murdered. Things look black against her and Ken thinks her only chance is to plead guilty of a crime passionel.

When Helen lies, her tongue goes into her cheek. When Darsey (EDGAR KENNEDY), *the plain-clothes man, gives her a gruelling and reconstructs the crime, the story catches her imagination.*

Helen's flights of imagination, or her fibs if you prefer it, are used in good causes. Here she is trying to get a client for her husband, who is a struggling lawyer.

Ken grows suspicious of the amazing stories which Helen retails. When her light fancy is in charge her face alters, and she makes nervous, excited gestures.

Helen has a typewriter on credit. When the salesman (TOMMY DUGAN) *wants to take it away she says that since the death of an (imaginary) baby her husband thinks the typewriter is the child. Daisy* (UNA MERKEL) *listens.*

Helen tries to make Ken believe that the man who came about the typewriter is a school chum of Daisy. Ken is not registering belief.

Ken, sick of his wife's lies, decides to go away. She can't allow this, so lies to him that he will soon be a father, and that, if it's a boy, she will call him Kenneth.

CAROLE LOMBARD BEATS SAPPHIRA IN "TRUE CONFESSION."

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANGUS MCBEAN; WITH APOLOGIES TO MR. WILLIAM ACTON.

VINNIE ACTONISED.

MISS BEATRIX LEHMANN'S *fine acting as Electra's daughter in " Mourning Becomes Electra " has much helped lengthen the run of that play at the Westminster. This photograph of her was, of course, suggested by the work of Mr. William Acton, the painter, whose attractive exhibition at 5a, Pall Mall East ended about ten days ago.*

"AMPHITRYON" — AND "PEP": GREEK LEGEND AS A FILM

Left:
ODETTE FLORELLE *makes a highly decorative figure as Mirysmis.*

Right:
The return of the army to Thebes after the wars provides a spectacular sequence.

THE screen version of the classic story "AMPHITRYON," which was due at the Curzon on Boxing Day, is a sophisticated satire on modern life, based on the Greek legend. It will be remembered that Jupiter fell in love with Alcmene, virtuous wife of Amphitryon, and, in order to win her, disguised himself as Amphitryon. Alcmene was the mother of the hero Hercules; was worshipped at Thebes; and had an altar in the temple of Hercules at Athens.

Jupiter (HENRY GARAT), *having come to earth (complete with his "brolly"), meets Alcmene* (JEANNE BOITEL).

Juno (MARGUERITE MORENO), *the wife [...] to Alcmene*

Jupiter (HENRY GARAT) *disguises himself as Amphitryon. Mercury* (ARMAND-BERNARD) *appears as Sosias, Amphitryon's servant.*

Mercury (ARMAND-BERNARD) *as himself in his heavenly home, Mount Olympus, before coming to earth.*

A CLASSICAL STORY THAT SATIRISES MODERN LIFE.

Left :
The women of Thebes come in force to the palace to demand the return of their husbands from the wars.

Right :
JEANNE BOITEL *as Alcmene, the wife of Amphitryon. She was beloved of Jupiter.*

Jupiter, is here displaying her new dresses (JEANNE BOITEL).

Jupiter (HENRY GARAT) *is attracted by the beauty of Alcmene* (JEANNE BOITEL) *at first sight.*

"AMPHITRYON" is a new bi-lingual musical Ufa film of the most entertaining kind. Modern touches have been introduced to add "pep" to the Greek legend. For instance, Jupiter lets himself down from Olympus by means of his umbrella. When he is unsuccessful in his wooing of the virtuous Alcmene in his character of the old Thunder-god, he is advised by Mercury to make himself up like her husband, Amphitryon—and so all the trouble starts. In the German version, Käthe Gold and Willy Fritsch play Alcmene and Jupiter.

Jupiter (HENRY GARAT) *has transformed his head into a likeness of Amphitryon, but his body is still that of Jupiter.*

The real Amphitryon (HENRY GARAT) *searches the police records for a dossier of his wife's betrayer. He is watched by Mercury* (ARMAND-BERNARD).

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

MR. SACHEVERELL SITWELL has followed up the "Conversation Pieces" he published last year with a companion volume, "Narrative Pictures." The "conversation piece," as far as I remember, did not flourish as a serious form of art in England much after 1850; whereas artists went on painting narrative pictures down to 1900. Mr. Sitwell's survey, therefore, has been extended to include the whole of the eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries. A tremendous field, but he covers it in less than a hundred pages of text, and illustrates it with a hundred and thirty-three reproductions, some of them in colour.

The dividing-line between a "conversation piece" and a "narrative picture" is by no means a hard-and-fast one, and there are a good many examples in this collection which might have found their way into the earlier book, and *vice versa*. The lovely "Cherry Seller," by that too-little-known painter Henry Walton, for instance. The artist has portrayed a group whose *raison d'être* is the children's purchase of cherries from the old woman; but his interest is not in the incident, but in the wonderful composition for which the incident provides an excuse. It would hardly be true to say that this picture "tells a story." And similarly the collection includes several pictures—Turner's "The Hoe, Plymouth," and Cotman's "Market Place, Norwich," in which the human and literary interest is so subordinate to the setting as to be almost negligible. A seascape, or town-scape, with figures, would define them more nearly.

Hogarth the Moralist.

Hogarth was a pioneer of this essentially English art of the Narrative Picture, just as he was first in the field with the Conversation Piece. He did not, as one would have imagined, stumble across it accidentally or develop it from allied studies: he deliberately invented it—

"Portrait painting," he wrote, "was not sufficiently profitable to pay the expenses my family required. I therefore turned my thoughts to a still more novel mode, *viz.*, painting and engraving modern moral subjects, a field not broken up in any country or any age. . . . I wished to compose pictures on canvas similar to representations on the stage; and further hope that they will be tried by the same test, and criticised by the same criterion. Let it be observed that I mean to speak only of those scenes where the human species are actors, and these I think have not often been delineated in a way of which they are worthy and capable. . . . I have endeavoured to treat my subject as a dramatic writer; my picture is my stage, and men and women my players, who by means of certain actions and gestures, are to exhibit a dumb show. . . . This I found was most likely to answer my purpose, provided I could strike the passions, and by small sums from many, by the sale of prints which I could engrave from my own pictures, thus secure my property to myself."

The marriage of LADY WINIFRED CECIL, *elder daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Exeter, to* LORD HOTHAM, *of Dalton Hall, Beverley, eldest son of the late Captain Edward Henry Hotham and Mrs. Hotham, took place recently at St. Martin's Church, Stamford, Lincolnshire. The bride is a sister of Lord Burghley; and is a Lady-in-Waiting to H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, who was present. Our group includes* CAPTAIN E. H. GOULBURN, *Grenadier Guards (seen left of the bridegroom), who was best man;* LADY ROMAYNE CECIL, *sister of the bride, and the* HON. CATHERINE HOTHAM, *sister of the bridegroom; and child attendants:* SARAH HUGH-SMITH; *the* HON. DAVINA CECIL; CLARE FALKINER; JEAN KENNEDY; *and the pages:* ANDREW HUGH-SMITH; ANDREW HERBERT; GEORGE LANE-FOX; MARK BROCKLEHURST; DAVID MONTGOMERY; *and* DEREK FORBES.

What a number of fashionable canons of art, to say nothing of the motives which are supposed to govern the artist's creative impulse, are challenged by this declaration of Hogarth's! His art was to be purely literary, unashamedly representational; it was to owe nothing to a feeling for "significant form," nothing to promptings from the painter's subconscious mind. (As a matter of fact, I think he did draw upon the second source of inspiration; some of his pictures give one a shudder which is not inherent in their subject, distressing as that may be.) It was to be the kind of thing that the artist of to-day is most anxious to avoid. Yet Hogarth's unorthodox methods have won him renown that seems unshakable, and few modern painters, one supposes, would resent being credited with the "Marriage à la Mode" series, or "A Rake's Progress."

Satire and Pathos.

There is a noteworthy difference between the narrative picture in the eighteenth century and the nineteenth. Hogarth was first moralist, then satirist; his chief successors, Rowlandson and Gillray, were satirists first and moralists as an afterthought. In the nineteenth century, oddly enough, anecdotal painters were much less indignant with the behaviour of the human race. The stories their pictures told were often sad and pathetic: they appealed to the sentiment of pity, not to righteous wrath. Millais' "Blind Girl," which Mr. Sitwell does the honour of making his frontispiece, is an excellent example; another is "The Long Engagement," by Arthur Hughes. At a first glance, this latter picture might move the hard-boiled twentieth-century connoisseur to mirth. The curate's face is so terrifically hairy; his eyes so enormous and soulful under his broad-brimmed hat; his expression, as he takes his blonde fiancée's hand, so full of suffering patiently borne. Mr. Sitwell, I need hardly say, is not lacking in humour, and it is greatly to his credit as a critic that, in appraising this picture (and others with like characteristics), he keeps his sense of proportion, preferring the integrity of his judgment to the temptation of scoring off the painter. He does score off him a little—

. . . A beautiful little painting. Amy, or "The Long Engagement," is, it is probable, the most typical work of art of the whole mid-Victorian age. The curate and his betrothed are standing near the tree-stem upon which their joint hands have carved her name. Years have gone by, and still they cannot afford to be married. All round them nature is fulfilling herself. The trees are in leaf; the little red squirrels are playing happily on their branch; even the faithful dog, a symbol so dear to the Victorians, has not, we may understand it, remained celibate; the green moss creeps in a tide up the tree-stem; soon it will engulf that carved inscription. But the curate and his betrothed remain doomed to solitude. It is painted with a weight of sentiment which overbalances into the comical. More especially the time-lag in the curate's dress, for he was a curate, we must remember, of eighty years ago, has given him the dress and appearance of a Mormon preacher, allowing a different interpretation to be put upon the whole picture. And yet even so it is a genuine sentiment, and it is not necessary to be reminded how wretchedly underpaid the minor clergy have always been.

[*Continued overleaf.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY SASHA.

"SAILING ALONG" TO WISH YOU WELL.

JESSIE MATTHEWS, *the stage and screen favourite who is the star of "Sailing Along," the new Gaumont-British picture, directed by Sonnie Hale, which has just been completed at Pinewood Studios, is here seen doing the Christmastide presentation act, and looking a very barefaced or beardless version of our favourite December character.*

Continued.]

This is all deliciously amusing, yet the soberness of the conclusion confirms one's belief in the independence of Mr. Sitwell's critical outlook. In making a judgment, not only can he discount the ridicule of others; he can discount his own. Of his erudition in dealing with this immense subject I am not qualified to speak, but it seems a garment as voluminous as it is lightly worn.

"Victorian Panorama." Mr. Peter Quennell's "Victorian Panorama" is a survey of an era rather than of an art; but here again the text and the illustrations divide the interest of the volume, and here again the author, though a child of his age and in no way *laudator temporis acti*, shows himself remarkably appreciative of an epoch which, but a little while ago, it was the fashion to decry. Each of his eight chapters, except the first, deals with a separate manifestation of the Victorian spirit—Victorian London, Victorian Family Life, Victorian Low Life, etc.; while the first traces the beginnings of photography, that proverbially veracious record of persons and events. There is a great deal to be said in favour of the primitive form of almost any art, and especially is this true of photography. "Victorian Panorama" is remarkably well illustrated, but none of the later photographers can compete with the pioneers: Nadar in France, Fox-Talbot and Octavius Hill in England. The last-named was really a great artist. The limitations of his instrument may have been a factor in his success, producing as they did those delightfully blurred outlines, those indeterminate shadows. But, adventitious aids apart, he showed immense skill in the posing of single figures and the composition of groups; and he established between himself and his sitters a kind of creative understanding that has seldom been approached and never surpassed.

MISS RUBY HENDERSON, *who can claim to be the first and only woman trainer of racing cheetahs in England, is seen here with one of her fleet-footed animals. Recently, some cheetahs raced at Romford Stadium for the first time, against each other and against greyhounds. They were brought to England by Mr. K. Gandar Dower, the well-known sportsman and traveller. Miss Henderson, who has been training these feline hunters for the last six months, says that they behave just like overgrown cats.*

The Victorian Physiognomy. No doubt the Victorian countenances made a good subject for photography: Mr. Quennell emphasises this point more than once—

Every century the human race appears to change its mask; and the Victorian physiognomy must be included among the most peculiar and distinctive that it has yet assumed. Pinched or broad, spherical or long, double-chinned or lantern-jawed, it is strongly marked and firmly modelled, with deep lines running from the nose and a mouth often dragged down at the corners. The expression may be benign, dignified, or merely pompous; but it has a kind of self-assurance in which modern faces are strangely and—at times—sadly lacking. . . . Where are . . . the poets deliberately poetic, the statesmen sternly noble, the soldiers self-consciously gallant and the rustics so inveterately rustic that we feel they must have trimmed their whiskers with sickles and grown their smock frocks and corduroys as a tree grows bark? Such faces may explain the harshness of the Victorian universe: but they explain also the individuality, the dignity and the solidity of the Victorian achievement.

Mr. Quennell's book excels in arrangement—hardly a single important facet of Victorianism escapes his survey—and it is written with the care, sensibility, and distinction that this author brings to all his work.

"Death on the Nile." I found Mrs. Christie's latest story, "Death on the Nile," a fascinating but also a rather mortifying experience. The correct solution leapt to my eye (as it will to many another reader's) the moment that the ill-omened, but well-described, expedition down the Nile got fairly under way. But all the clues were against it, and finally I abandoned it. So cleverly does Mrs. Christie throw dust in one's eyes. Linnet Doyle, the young American millionairess, said herself that she was surrounded by enemies. And well she might be, for she had pinched her best friend's young man, she had alarmed the trustee who was now quaking at the approach of her twenty-first birthday, while to one of her fellow-passengers, a confirmed Communist who believed in violence, her mere presence on earth (as he observed) was an affront. Moreover, she possessed a pearl necklace worth fifty thousand pounds, which disappeared the morning her body was discovered. Apart from the fatal issue, she and her handsome husband had had a wretched honeymoon, their footsteps dogged by Jacqueline, the cast-off fiancée, insult on her lips and hatred in her heart.

"Death on the Nile" is an extremely, one might say supremely, good example of the detective-story in which the writer's task has been to make the obvious theory seem untenable. There are, perhaps, too many murders, too lightly received by this ship-load of hardened pleasure-seekers; more mental aberration (including concealed kleptomania and dipsomania) than one would expect to find in such a small company; and the final curtain is banal and disappointing. But the characterisation is admirable, and the intricacy and interest of the clues beyond praise.

"The Pieces of a Fan." I was tremendously impressed by Mr. Vincent Sheean's "Sanfelice," and looked forward with excitement to the next book from his pen. But "The Pieces of a Fan," his new collection of short stories, does not quite come up to expectation. They are, of course, extremely well done, and some of them—"Buried Treasure," for instance, and "Mrs. Osgood"—show a happy blending of psychological insight with the comic spirit. Oddly enough, it is in comedy that Mr. Sheean, the short-story writer, excels; the more emotional pieces do not ring quite true, though "Fisherman's Rest" is effective in its grim way. All the stories are neatly constructed and possess the quality of suspense; all are well written, with here and there a memorable turn of phrase. But there is something stock-size about even the best of them; they bring out the surface qualities of the writer, but do not tax his mind or heart.

This unusual snapshot of LORD NUFFIELD, *motor magnate and philanthropist, was taken at a matinée performance of "Where the Rainbow Ends," at the Holborn Empire, in aid of Guy's Hospital. He is seen consulting the programme with the Hon. Corinna* CUNLIFFE, *younger daughter of Lord and Lady Cunliffe, of Headley. Miss Cunliffe was born in 1929.*

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Narrative Pictures. By Sacheverell Sitwell. (*Batsford; 21s.*)
Victorian Panorama. By Peter Quennell. (*Batsford; 7s. 6d.*)
Death on the Nile. By Agatha Christie. (*Collins; 7s. 6d.*)
The Pieces of a Fan. By Vincent Sheean. (*Hamish Hamilton; 7s. 6d.*)

"ROOM SERVICE" LAUGHS AND SHAM DEATH!

"ROOM SERVICE," at the Strand, presents a company of penniless actors who are endeavouring to live on credit in an hotel while their show is in rehearsal. Here Harry Binion (WILLIAM SWETLAND) has dumped his precious moose-head in another guest's room. He is with Joseph Gribble (HENRY CAINE).

Leo Davis (JAMES W. CORNER; whose foot can be seen in the bed) pretends to die in order to avoid being turned out of the hotel. Gordon Miller (HARTLEY POWER; second from left) and others are "saying a few words."

Harry Binion (WILLIAM SWETLAND) lays a wreath on "the body" of his comrade, Leo, watched by other members of the cast. The moose-head has been hung on the wall.

In order to allay the hunger of the company, Faker Englund (HAROLD WALDRIGE) succeeds in scrounging a bunch of bananas. Christine (SARAH BURTON) and Gordon Miller (HARTLEY POWER) register disappointment.

Gordon Miller (HARTLEY POWER), Hilda Manney (HELEN GILLETT), and Faker Englund (HAROLD WALDRIGE) see the "dead" Leo Davis (JAMES W. CORNER) rise when he gets news of the play's success.

"ROOM SERVICE," by John Murray and Allen Boretz, at the Strand, is a speedy American farce played at breakneck speed and introducing wisecracks which go off like machine-guns and induce convulsions of laughter in the audience. The story deals with the subterfuges which the penniless actors employ in order to get food and shelter while their play is in rehearsal.

CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"THE best you can say for it is that it might have been worse. And that," announced The Broker, "is how I sum up Nineteen-Thirty-Seven."

"Could have been worse?" queried The Jobber. "You 're sure about that?"

"Moderately certain, at any rate. We had three good months to start with."

"And nine thoroughly bad ones to complete the picture. In saying good-bye to this Old Year, I have no regrets."

The Engineer asked if there were any truth in the rumours that had been flying about as to various Stock Exchange firms having lost a fair amount of money in the autumn slump.

"We always get these yarns after any heavy drop in prices," The Broker replied. "Nobody pays the slightest attention to them. Like the poor, they are with us the whole time."

"Most people are worse off now than they were, say, six months back."

"They were richer still at the beginning of this year," affirmed The City Editor. "Richer in the capital value of their securities."

"Yet the cost of living hasn't gone down in proportion. As a matter of theory, it should have fallen, approximately. There must be a reason for this lag, don't you suppose?"

"My own explanation," said The Broker, "for what it is worth——"

"Sell you five hundred at threepence premium," The Jobber offered.

"You can't open me like that," The Broker rebuked him. "And I distinctly said 'for what it is worth.'"

"Right you are. You 're not quick enough. Now I 'll bid you half a crown discount for a monkey."

The Broker shook his head. "Sorry, but I 'm limited," he replied, and tapped his head mournfully. "You must be content to wait and see what the New Year brings forth."

"So long as it gives me the first, second and third, you can have whatever it brings fourth. See your way at all?"

"To see anything but cheerfulness and hope would be nothing short of criminal at this time of year. However sore your P. and L., your lips must smile that all is well."

"My Loss being greater than my Profit, I must grin and bear it," said The Jobber. "Not that I want to be a bear for long——"

"I should think not!" exclaimed The Merchant. "Constitutionally, Human Nature is a bull. It always was. You can't expect to come home the first time. Even Noah had to let the dove out of the Ark thrice before it found the earth had recovered from the previous liquidation."

"What I hope," declared The City Editor, "is that we shall see a great deal more of the olive-branch, and a vast amount less of the liquidation in 1938 than we 've had to put up with during this present year."

"The Spanish war can't last for ever——"

"It has every appearance of doing so."

"That 's a hopeful sign, my lad. And one fine day, you will find the Far East settle down."

"Will it settle up as well, do you think? I have a few Chinese bonds in a Trust I 'm connected with, and it 's awfully difficult to know what to do about them."

"Odd kind of Trust, to permit Chinese bonds being included in it."

"Not Chinese only, but Brazilians as well. How does that appeal to your sense of the appropriate?"

"It appeals only as a proof that any Trust, however elastic, should stick to Safety First. Don't you agree with me?"

"Probably you 're right. But what are we to do with the damned things? That 's what I 'd like to know."

"So would many other holders of those securities. I don't see that you can do anything else except sit tight and wait until times improve."

"You 've said a mouthful," The Broker approved. "The only sensible thing to do with crowds of stocks and shares round the markets at the present time is to sit on them and wait."

"That 's all very well," protested The Engineer. "It 's mighty uncomfortable work, all the same. And you never cease wondering whether you could not do better by exchanging into other things that may have more scope for a rise in price."

"How about your own profession?" asked The City Editor.

"I see no more than one small bit of it. Other men tell me what they are doing, but, for all that, it is difficult to dogmatise. I like Babcock and Wilcox, and I think Dorman Longs have attractions at the present price. But I wouldn't put my shirt on any iron or steel shares."

"Everyone says that we shall see things better in the New Year."

"Did you ever know a time when the same sentiment was not expressed by your friend 'Everyone'?"

"We can say this time, that prices are on a fairly sane level, and that you can now get a better yield on your money than has been the case for a year or two."

"To-day's markets are better for people with money than for people with shares. And that 's a reversal of what we 've seen for some time past."

The Broker waved his hand rather impatiently. "There are always some things that go up," he maintained. And was immediately challenged.

"Cable and Wireless ordinary," he instanced. "For weeks it didn't seem to have any friends. Then, on a hopeful speech by one of the Board, up it goes half-a-dozen points without any warning."

"That 's one of the shortcomings of your Stock Exchange," complained The Merchant. "You don't seem to have anybody on the staff to go round and ring a bell just before a rise or fall takes place."

"It would tend to popularise the Stock Exchange more than anything else if you did," The Engineer pointed out.

"Not a bit," The Broker contradicted. "If we did, the public would say that they didn't have an opportunity to get in or out quickly enough, and that the ringing of a bell favoured the professional element."

"In that I think Brokie 's right," The City Editor confirmed. "People nowadays are very keen on fair do's. Everybody must have an equal chance."

"And quite right, too. So he ought to have. I was talking yesterday to a chap connected with the Stock Exchange Home for Working Lads——"

"At Stockwell?"

"That 's it. He said the main idea was to get hold of British lads who haven't had a fair chance, and to give them a leg-up at the time of their lives when they most needed it if they were to make the best of their birthright."

"I can't keep pace with all the appeals just now," The Engineer admitted. "Much as I hate refusing, I have to turn down some of them."

"So do we all," The Broker replied. "Only we in the House can't very well let down one of our own Shows that 's been going for fifty years."

"If I give you a guinea," proposed The City Editor, "will you see that it goes in as 'Anonymous'?"

"Thanks very much." He took the proferred note and handed back a shilling change out of the florin.

"Put it down to Fire Insurance," The Jobber laughed. "And if you buy insurance shares now——"

"You might be giving too much money for them. Bide a wee, ma laddie."

"Why should they go down?"

"No special reason. In fact, they make first-class investments, and, in days to come, we shall see the prices stand well above to-day's figures."

"Then why try to crab them?"

"I 'm not crabbing them, you—you Lobster Pot! I am merely passing my opinion. What do you say?"

"I say 'Pass,' too," The Merchant answered.

"No bid," nodded The City Editor, who sat next.

"No trumps," declared The Broker.

"I never heard such rotten calling!" exclaimed The Jobber, jumping up. "My turn now. Gentlemen! Our joint call for the New Year: All Trumps!"

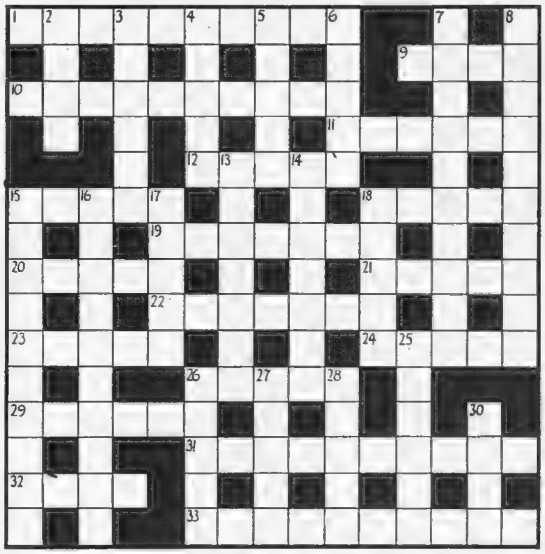
"Double All Trumps!" said The Broker.

"And we all re-double," concluded The City Editor. "Friends, Finance, Fellow-Readers: the call for Nineteen-Thirty-Eight is 'All Trumps.'"

"Re-doubled!" cried The Chorus. "A Happy and more Prosperous New Year!"

Friday, Dec. 24, 1937.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. Marley's ghost was and so, in a sense (or nonsense), was the unregenerate Scrooge (10).
9. Stone or brick, but, after fifty, it might become wood (4).
10. A sort of idiot you 'd expect in a merry circle (10).
11. Bird permitted about the pub (6).
12. The one occasion (5).
15. Fifty in pursuance of fashion (5).
18. O, such a hoax! (5).
19. "Rich, beyond the dreams of . . ." (Boswell's Life of Johnson) (7).
20. An Arab employs the morning in the right spirit (5).
21. Favourite song with me (5).
22. Properly laid out the coroner (7).
23. Break silence and drop something (5).
24. A miser would find it hard to stand it (5).
26. This town should do a roaring trade (5).
29. Confirm (6).
31. China, I 'd say, is altered in a flower necklace (Two words; 5 and 5).
32. The gift horse conceals him (4).
33. Private ends to serve (Three words; 3, 2 and 5).

DOWN.

2. Mournful name, rather, for a girl? (4).
3. Garments that are half the rage (6).
4. Someone is sure to win on this colour (5).
5. The poor little fellow's brain 's turned (5).
6. A standard bird (5).
7. Copy (10).
8. For a penitent (Two words; 5 and 5).
13. Chapel rhetoric, or a man with no new-fangled notions (7).
14. Bun? (7).
15. No butcher, but provides meat gratis (10).
16. A dim notion may give you control (10).
17. A weapon that might become clean (5).
18. Aid to circulation (5).
25. I should jolly well think so! (6).
26. With this girl, a daily upset is inevitable (5).
27. A poem about a team you 'll find in a chemistry book (5).
28. One kind of pen (5).
30. A cross-word "fan" would naturally look here for the missing link (4).

THE SKETCH DIARY OF FASHION

EDITED BY OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

Soft as a kitten's ear, this Braemar sweater in pure Cashmere has a small turn-over collar and a neat ribbed waist. Lace stitch panels lighten it very decoratively, and it is made in the loveliest imaginable colours.

WINTER beauty and winter warmth are so closely allied that they are absolutely inseparable. Useless to spend time and thought on make-up if one's face is going to turn blue the moment one leaves the fire. Even in town one cannot get by, and in the country icy winds are every woman's enemy. But "Braemar" Knitwear is her beauty's guardian. Their sweaters have that air of casual elegance that can only be achieved by perfect cutting, and their softness induces a feeling of the sheerest luxury.

As for Braemar Underwear, it is gossamer-light and most delectably designed, so that it is a joy to look at as well as to wear. Their tiny evening vestlet will not add the fraction of an inch to your figure, but it will keep you gloriously warm, especially if you add one of their Scanties, especially designed to wear with shorts or under evening frocks. For day-time wear their Envelope Combination, which has only a one-button fastening, yet never gapes, no matter how much you may bend and stretch, is ideal.

Braemar knitted underwear is made in wool, in silk and wool, or silk and cotton, in spun silk, and in angora or a Cashmere and silk mixture. Peach, pink, and white are the most popular colours. Made in a number of attractive lace stitches, every garment is fashioned — which means that it is shaped on the machines. Do make a point of seeing them for yourself, for there is a garment for everybody, in just the weight that will make it most comfortable.

Here is a twin set that would be perfect with sporting tweeds. In pure Cashmere, the sweater has a tab over a two-button opening at the neck, and the short, shaped cardigan is deeply ribbed from the waist. Braemar make this, too, in a tremendous range of charming shades.

What To Look For

BARGAIN-hunting is an art. Make no mistake about that. The woman who has mastered it can save pounds and yet usually be better dressed than her rivals. But she who dashes out and picks up things just because they are cheap is heading for disaster. There is nothing so depressing as a crowded wardrobe that yet contains not one single outfit that really makes you feel grand. And there is nothing quite so pointless as trying to turn failures into successes. Better by far to leave them to languish, even if one sheds a silent tear, for not even unrequited love is more hopeless than an unbecoming frock.

Having quite definitely made up your mind about the things you want to buy, keep a cool head and determinedly look out for coming trends rather than for those that are already making a rather tired exit. We have sketched a few details that may help you, for they illustrate the sort of things we shall be wearing in the spring, and they are going to be sure-fire winners.

You can be quite happy if you are able to find a light-coloured dress with an open-fronted long coat in a deeply contrasting colour. And if you are choosing a tailored coat, get, for preference, one that has a good swing back. Day-time dresses remain simple in effect but elaborate in detail, inasmuch as they are subtly draped above the waist. You will notice our suggestion of three chiffon handkerchiefs, in three contrasting colours, in hip pockets placed one below the other. And you will already have made up your mind to dash to the artificial flower departments, since flowers very much come out in the afternoon.

Our evening sketches have been made with one eye on the fabric sales, and especially on the Remnant counters. The lady on the extreme left wears a black dress with a printed crêpe bodice, a jade green corselet, and a petunia coloured sash. Printed boleros and sashes will cheer your winter frocks, and odd lengths of lamé or brocade should be snatched up for loose half-length evening coats.

To turn from the general to the particular, here are just a few of the things that will await you when the Sales begin. The 29th December is the first day for Marshall and Snelgrove, Liberty's, and Woollands. Hurry along to Oxford Street and make the most of Marshall and Snelgrove's offer of their famous Fama stockings. They are pure silk, service weight, and they are reduced from 8s. 11d. to 3s. 6d. a pair, with twenty different colours to choose from. As everybody knows, their silks are lovely, and many of them are being offered at half-price or less. Thursdays are Remnant Days, but 500 yards of pure silk velvet, in black and colours, 54 inches wide, reduced from 23s. 9d. a yard to 11s. 9d. a yard, is just one of their general offers. Be sure to see their half-price Model Gowns, for you will find some really charming afternoon and evening frocks among them.

In Regent Street, Liberty's are offering pure silk dresses in hand-printed crêpe-de-Chine, with short or long sleeves, for $3\frac{1}{2}$ guineas instead of 7 guineas. These are the sort of frocks that are always a good buy, for they never date. If you are going abroad at all, take with you some of their summer dresses in printed Sungleam, cotton georgette, Tana lawn, or plain and printed linens. They cost only 35s. each, so you can be liberal. If you ask them, they will be very happy to send you patterns of dress lengths and silks by the yard, and believe me, it is very well worth making such a request.

n At The Sales

At Woollands, of Knightsbridge, you will be able to find beige or tmeal-coloured washable leather gloves, with hog markings, for . 6d., or fleece-lined gloves in dark shades of Cape leather for . 11d. You will find marvellous bags, too. Luxurious and imposing ones, as well as capacious Cape leather bags, with new wide andles, reduced from 21s. to 15s. 9d. They have some good-looking otted silk crêpe jumpers, buttoning down the front, with an djustable tie at the neck, for 15s., and some excellent suits, neatly and assically tailored, reduced from five to four guineas.

HE 3rd January is the next date to make in your diary. You will have to make up your own mind whether to go first to Debenham nd Freebody's, Swan and Edgar's, Gorringes or Burberry's, for ey all start their sales on that day. If it is furs you are wanting, straight to Debenham and Freebody's, of Wigmore Street, for it not often that you can get a large-sized coat in British moleskin r only 15 guineas. If you do not want moleskin there are full-length rown pony-skin coats with sable squirrel collars and good silk nings, beautifully shaped, reduced to 19½ guineas, although they were riginally from 25 to 29 guineas. In the luxury class there is a model ape of white Russian ermine with a subtly draped shawl collar, and n original French model coatee of silver fox mounted on velvet and orked in narrow strands, both reduced from 198 guineas to 98 guineas.

At Burberry's, in the Haymarket, you can take advantage of their nly-once-a-year offer of goods from their well-known fine quality aterials at considerably lessened prices. Burberry weatherproofs gabardine, lined with proofed check wool, are available for 75s. nd 95s., while the ladies' Dual Burberry, the wet-weather side in abardine or Slimber, and the reverse side in all-wool coatings, is eing reduced from £9 10s. to £8 10s. Ready-to-wear costumes in a ide range of materials are being reduced from £10 15s. to £7, and ltogether their Sale Catalogue, with Self-Measurement form, makes ngrossing reading.

On to Swan and Edgar's, where lingerie bargains abound. No ogue in recent years has had a more sweeping success than that f the House Coat, and here you will find such astonishing items s "Maude," a breakfast gown in wool velour cloth in the gayest f colours, for just 27s. 6d. "Marcia," in plain damask, with long eg-o'-mutton sleeves, costs even less. Its price is 21s., and it is really racefully cut in shades of rose, green, saxe and gold. Still thinking f coats, there is "Isolde," a full-skirted evening dress ith a hostess coat in taffeta poult, made in black and many olours, for 50s. Or "Fay," a tailored Frieze coat for the rst spring days, in black, navy, or brown, and in three mall sizes, all for 70s. It has a turn-over tunic collar, igh pockets, and it buttons down the front. You will nd afternoon dresses galore, and very charming ones, too, t 40s., and slim-fitting tailored skirts in rough-surfaced abrics for 10s.

Finally to Gorringes, of Buckingham Palace Road, here very genuine reductions are made on the emainder of their season's stock. For instance, hey have gloriously warm coats in "Rodex" llamovel Curl fabrics, marked down from 5½ guineas o 98s. 6d. "Morecambe" is a full-length belted oat with an adaptable collar of Indian lamb, and a matching skirt of wool bouclé, reduced from 7 guineas to 5 guineas. "Rackham" is a lace two-piece, lined throughout, with the coatee sleeves bordered with fur, and the price is now 5 guineas.

The thing to do, of course, is to send as quickly as possible for all these Sale catalogues, and to study them seriously. This is a year when everything has conspired to favour the buyer, and genuine bargains abound.

MOTOR DICTA.

By H. E. SYMONS.

UNIQUE amongst the world's motoring events, the Monte Carlo Rally has a never-failing appeal for the more adventurous type of motorist. Men and women drivers who get a thrill out of skidding on ice-bound roads or digging their way through snow-drifts cheerfully pay the entry fee demanded for the privilege of enduring three days and four nights of acute discomfort, not unmixed with danger. As usual, a truly international entry has been received, and competitors will start from the queerest corners of Europe, not omitting our own John o' Groats.

John o' Groats starters stand a better chance this year, for the route has been lengthened and those who start out from the most northerly point of Scotland will receive the same number of points as those who have chosen Umea, close to the Arctic circle in Sweden, as their starting-point. I think, however, that they have surprises in store for them, as the route from John o' Groats now goes through the Massif Central in France, a range of mountains between Toulouse and Lyon. In the depths of winter the roads are often snow-bound in this part of France, and those who follow this route may have all sorts of difficulties to contend with.

The Rhône Valley, where fog has so often delayed competitors in the past, will be avoided, and instead of that the mountainous road over the winter Route des Alpes will be followed. Competitors pass through Grenoble and cross the pass of La Croix Haute. Snow-ploughs will keep the road open, but even so, in the depths of night, competitors may find themselves slithering downhill to sharp hairpin bends between banks of snow as high as the car.

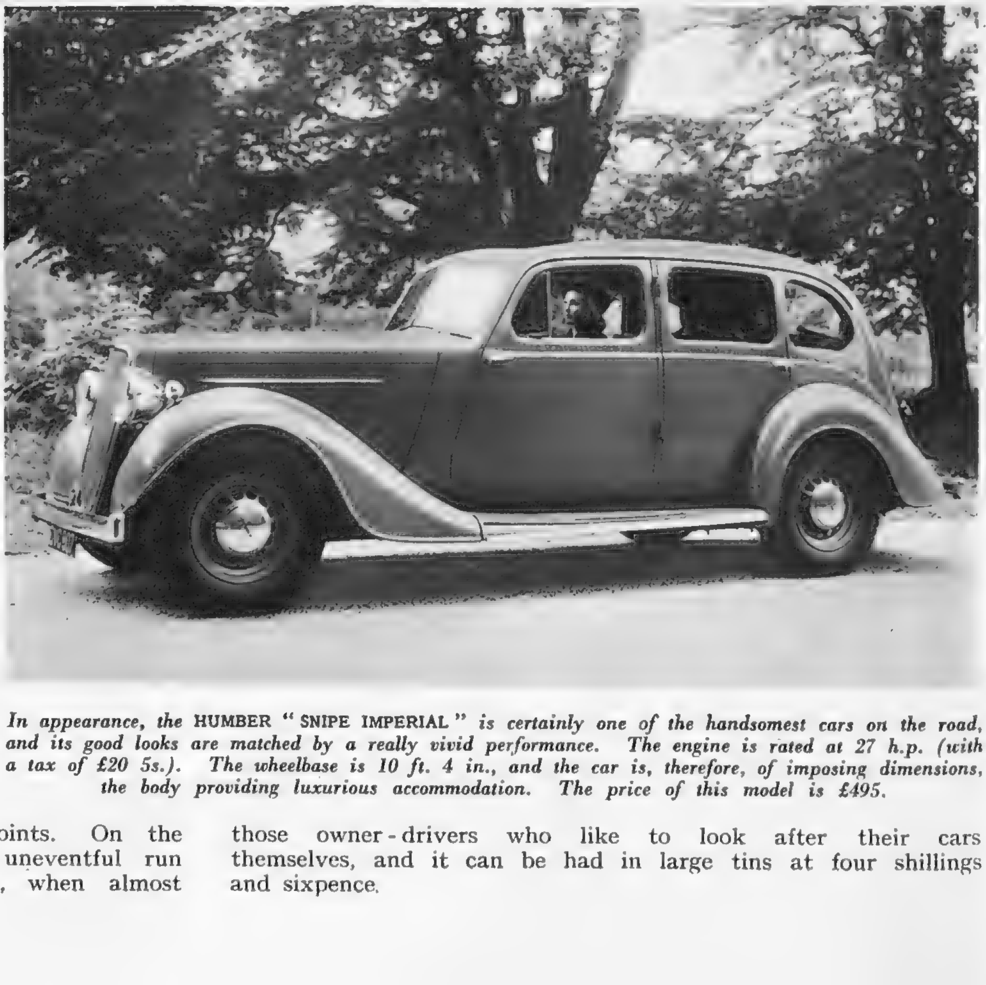
The degree of excitement experienced on the Monte Carlo Rally depends, of course, upon the weather. If heavy snow is encountered in the Balkans, in the Appenines, in Scotland or Northern Europe, drivers may be held up or even prevented entirely from getting through, soon after leaving their starting-points. On the other hand, they may enjoy a comparatively uneventful run across Europe and suddenly find themselves, when almost exhausted from lack of sleep and sustained travelling, faced with deep snowdrifts and perilous ice-bound roads, not far from their goal.

Small wonder that the experienced Rally competitor goes off equipped to meet every variety of weather conditions. He has snow-chains for his wheels, electrically heated windscreens, a central-heating system for the car, fog lamps, shovels and scores of other special fitments. All these are apt to overload the car, which consequently has to be fitted with stronger springs and often with larger tyres, so that in the end it feels an entirely different motor-car and even calls for different handling under the difficult conditions encountered. Even the drivers catch this equipment mania and set out on the Rally wearing an incredible amount of clothes. Many of them find the best thing is, as it were, to "go native" and adopt the fur-lined head-gear and curious coats worn by Central European peasants, who, after all, do know how to keep out the cold. Wherever they start from, and more particularly if they have not been in for the Rally before, competitors are sure of an exciting time until, if the clerk of the weather is kind to them, they drive into Monte Carlo to find the sun shining warmly down on terraces decked with palms and flowers.

The WOLSELEY "SUPER SIX" is a handsome and dignified saloon made in 16-h.p., 21-h.p., and 25-h.p. ratings. The prices are £380 for the 16 h.p.; and £395 for the 21-h.p. and the 25-h.p. ratings.

A NEW CAR POLISH.

Modern coachbuilders have been able to get such a very high polish on cellulose coachwork that it compares well with the varnished bodies of olden time. The trouble is, however, to keep that pristine freshness and to efface what the Americans so picturesquely call "traffic bloom"—a dull sheen that comes from the exhausts of other cars and the spraying of mud and water from the roads. I have tried a good many polishes for cellulosed cars, but nearly all of them call for a terrific amount of elbow-grease and consequently cleaning the car takes a long time. I am therefore interested to see that Thrupp and Maberly, the famous coachbuilders, have now produced and put on the market their own cellulose polish, a liquid which is both non-greasy and non-abrasive, and has, I understand, a lightning effect. Owing to the ease of its application, it will be found specially suitable for those owner-drivers who like to look after their cars themselves, and it can be had in large tins at four shillings and sixpence.



In appearance, the HUMBER "SNIPE IMPERIAL" is certainly one of the handsomest cars on the road, and its good looks are matched by a really vivid performance. The engine is rated at 27 h.p. (with a tax of £20 5s.). The wheelbase is 10 ft. 4 in., and the car is, therefore, of imposing dimensions, the body providing luxurious accommodation. The price of this model is £495.

This England . . .

Where Counties meet — Buckinghamshire.

WHEN from a high-banked lane or woodland ride some lovely valley springs upon the view, we are taken in envy of the men who farm so grand a sweep, protected and watered by the shouldering hills. Yet is their life hard — from chill-fingered dawn to trudging eve, from dung-spreading to harvest-home — for Nature is not softly wooed in these damp northern lands. Down the ages man has reft her secrets from her, and amongst them a weapon against herself — against fatigue and ill and failing courage. They called it beer, and all men drank it for their good. One brew of that elixir we have still, one that was most favoured where Nature was most harsh; *we* call it Worthington.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SANDY BUNKER.

I AM making only one resolution this year, and that is to take advantage of every spare moment to play the most intriguing, the most tantalising, the extremely difficult and healthful game of golf at every possible opportunity. From which resolve arises a great number of possibilities for self-reformation on the golf-course. One thing we might do to make our golf more pleasant is to refuse to give or accept short putts. I have known friendships wrecked on the futility of a twelve-inch putt. Once one starts conceding or accepting a putt for a half, the damage is done. Your partner is generous on the first green, but on the second you think it is highly probable that he will miss a fifteen-inch putt. Generosity and recollections of your opponent's concession decree that you must concede the putt—but you do so in grudging manner. The time must arrive when eventually, in a close match, one or other of you miss a short putt for a half. The player who missed says to himself: "He might have conceded that, I gave him longer ones," and the man who wins the hole feels a little mean about it. I wish it were a rule of golf that made it necessary to hole every putt which can mean even a half, instead of offering this as a New Year resolution.

No More Alibis.

How much more pleasant it would be at the "nineteenth hole" if there were a little more sincerity there. Would it not be grand if one had not to listen to all the "hard luck" stories one hears there, or, as they call it in America, the "alibis" for losing? Really we ought to remember that hardly anybody is really interested in the fact that you holed the long hole in three, or that you would have won the match but that you were stymied out of the seventeenth. Could we not resolve to avoid all excuses? I belong to a golfing society where the penalty for mentioning why a member did not get his four at the fifth, or making the slightest excuse for defeat in a match, is two bottles of port—and I consider that compatible with letting the member off with a caution. This, of course, does not apply to American champions, for we have it on no less authority than that of Ralph Guldahl, the United States Open Champion, that players should be entitled to "an alibi" whenever they fail to win.

Practise Etiquette.

Even without trying, I could think of hundreds of resolutions that we golfers might make and keep to the advantages and pleasure of the game of golf. Read and understand the rules, for example, is one; but while ignorance of them may occasionally give rise to argument, such ignorance seldom makes for bad feeling. On the other hand, the most punctilious of people frequently overlook the fact that there is a very simple code of "etiquette" attached to the rules of golf. Anyone can learn by heart the ten dictums in the "Etiquette of the Game of Golf" in half an hour; but those who were responsible for them created a masterpiece. Golf on a crowded links during the week-end would be very much more pleasant if this simple code were obeyed. Since they are in every book of rules, there is no purpose in discussing etiquette of golf at length, but you cannot imagine what a difference it makes to the pleasure of the game if all the players know that you should not "move or talk or stand close to or directly behind the ball or the hole when a player is making a stroke." In any championship you will see every one of these injunctions broken. I have been guilty. I recall a certain lady champion stopping in the act of addressing her putt and looking at me most severely. Since I was one of three spectators at the time, I simply wondered. Then she came over to me and said most politely: "Would you mind stopping winding your watch?"; quite unconsciously, I was fiddling with my wrist-watch. Horton Smith, the famous American, tells the story of how he lost a chance of winning a big tournament because one of the spectators near by cracked pea-nuts and entirely destroyed his concentration on a vital shot, so you can see how important these seemingly stupid little things can be.

The former MISS DIANA PLUMPTON (*now* MRS. NOEL SABINE) *has just won the Ladies' Golf Championship of Kenya Colony, where she now resides, which is played at Nairobi. She is a well-known International golfer and was runner-up in the British Ladies' Championship in 1933.*

Leave Well Alone.

To governing bodies, I would suggest a resolution to leave the "improvement" of the game to those who have ruled it for centuries. Fortunately, there are no new rules to come into operation so far as the ordinary golfer is concerned this January. But what a hornets' nest the Professional Golfers' Association may have disturbed by the introduction of their new rule for their stroke competitions, which comes into force next week! According to the rules of golf, the player nearer to the hole in stroke competitions may putt or lift his ball from the putting green when it interferes with his partner's putt. The P.G.A. says the player nearer the hole *must* putt first. Since the rule has not even been tried out, it may be a little unfair to criticise it, but it is the fact that the P.G.A. has recently had manufactured a large quantity of little aluminium discs, about the size of a "dime," which are to be used for the purpose of marking a ball which is lifted from a putting-green. It only remains to be said that the P.G.A. rule was made to obviate the necessity of lifting on the putting-green!

The United States Golf Association, no doubt confident that the Royal and Ancient would fall into line, passed the resolution that the golfer's equipment should consist of no more than fourteen clubs, and this rule comes into force next week. However, St. Andrews is blessed not only with good sense, but an intimate knowledge of the wishes of the majority of golfers, and therefore did not pass a quite unnecessary rule on this limitation. In the meantime, American professionals who are busy collecting about £10,000 in prize money in Florida and California are proving that they can win with fewer than fourteen clubs; in fact, one man, Frank Stamberberger, of Kansas, used only a brassie to hole out in 32 on a nine-hole course where the par is 36.

*The BEST SPORTS ACTION PICTURES: The Illustrated **Sporting and Dramatic** News; Every Friday.*

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No. 62

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BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCCXXXI.

DON'T ADD TO THE DECLARER'S ADVANTAGE.

DECLARER at bridge is said to have an advantage of anything from one to three tricks. This sounds a lot, and if we allow him two tricks at the most for the pull he gets in knowing what his line of attack must be, we won't be much out. Now two tricks also sounds a lot, and, in my opinion, it is far more than he deserves; and he would not have anything like such an advantage over his opponents if they did not deliberately present him with tricks. In a way it is laughable how defenders give away tricks, but, since the play they make is adjudged correct, they cannot be blamed—they simply can't help themselves.

In order of merit (or is it demerit ?) the play that gives away tricks is (1) leading fourth best; (2) leading the highest card in partner's declared suit; (3) covering an honour led; (4) calling for a lead; (5) an informative double when the play of the hand goes against the doubler. I put the play in this order because (1) helps declarer on every occasion; (2) the lead is rarely successful, and on certain occasions is fatal; (3) and (4) more often wrong than right; (5) unless the double is a bluff, it must help declarer. I have spoken against (1) so often in these notes that I feel ashamed.

9, 3.
Dummy.
A Q, 10, 8, 2. Y Z
Player.
K, Kn, 6.

Y leads the eight. Player, if it suits him—and it is difficult to see how it won't suit him—can win the trick with the nine for certain. It is true the nine will win if Y leads the two, but still, it is nice to know that there, thanks to the lead being fourth best, is a sitting-up trick in dummy.

(2)
x, x.
Q, 10, 9. Y Z A, 8, 7, 6, 5.
K, Kn, 2.

Z has made a bid in this suit, so Y leads the queen. Declarer now can make two tricks in the suit; if the nine is led he can make only one. Granted if the dummy holds K, x, the queen lead may pay, but in nine cases out of ten the high-card lead is a loser, especially at no-trumps, which has been bid *over* this suit. It is worth noting that if the small card is led from Q, 9 only, declarer will but make one trick. The ace is put on the nine, the lead returned, when the knave finesse must be taken. Only lead the top card when you hold touching honours—K, Q; Q, Kn; or Kn, 10.

There are people I play against, when the expectation of the (3) event all but amounts to cheating—I often feel it is taking an unfair advantage. Thus—

A, 3, 2.
Dummy.
Y Myself. Z
K, Kn, 10.

On these cards I can win three tricks for certain. I enter my own hand, lead the knave, and, if the queen is not put up, I know it must be with Z. I take with the ace in dummy, lead back and finesse the ten. When sitting as Y, I do not cover the knave led, and my opponent looks at me askance, as much as to say *that* is taking an unfair advantage! Now don't cover an honour led unless you have very good reason for doing so.

I will give examples of (4) and (5) next week. In the meantime, here is the solution of our last double dummy hand—

SPADES—K, Q, 2.
HEARTS—Q, 9, 5.
DIAMONDS—A, 8.
B
SPADES—10, 9. SPADES—8, 7.
HEARTS—None. Y Z HEARTS—A, 10, 8.
CLUBS—A, Kn, 8, 7, 6. CLUBS—None.
DIAMONDS—10. DIAMONDS—Q, 9, 6.
A
SPADES—A, 4. HEARTS—7, 6.
CLUBS—K, Q, 9. DIAMONDS—5.

Spades are trumps. A leads the five of diamonds. *YZ* to make three tricks against any attack. B wins with the ace of diamonds, and his best game is to lead another, which A trumps with the ace, and returns the four, which B takes and leads the two. Y is now on lead, and whatever he leads he can make only one trick in clubs (B, of course, will not ruff any club leads). But if at trick No. 2 Y *under-trumps* the ace, he cannot be given the lead, unless he is allowed to win with his second trump, in which case YZ win four tricks.

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, DECEMBER 22.

ACROSS.—1. Planter. 5. Carpets. 9. Told Off. 10. Robbery. 11. Ult. 12. Lees. 13. Cadi. 14. Precise. 16. Actor. 17. Dates. 18. Baron. 22. Timid. 25. Garnish. 26. Gate. 27. Snap. 29. Aft. 31. Hangman. 32. Edifice. 33. Tea time. 34. Nominee.

DOWN.—1. Patella. 2. Ailment. 3. Thor. 4. Refugee. 5. Certain. 6. Robe. 7. Elegant. 8. Sly Digs. 14. Prong. 15. Edith. 18. Bag-shot. 19. Rotunda. 20. Arrange. 21. Fifteen. 23. Mention. 24. Deplete. 28. Impi. 30. Firm.

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2; and Published Weekly at the Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1937. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903. Agents for Australasia, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Branches: Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, N.Z.; Launceston and Hobart, Tasmania.

The Ford "Ten"

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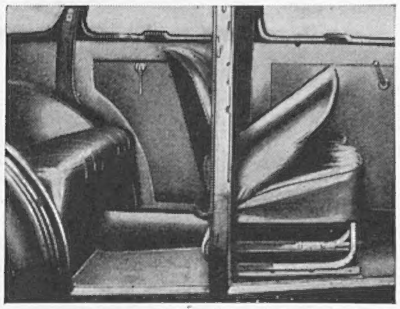
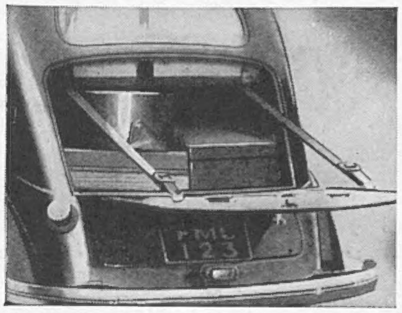

Comfortable, restful upholstery, independently adjustable front seats on resilient tubular frames, and permanently handsome finish.


Roomy luggage-accommodation, and a separate compartment for the spare wheel, both under lock and key.

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- Touring Car - - - - £162 . 10s.

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- Really roomy seating for four adults, with ample head, leg and elbow room; Wide-opening doors for ease of entrance and exit; No foot-wells in rear compartment.
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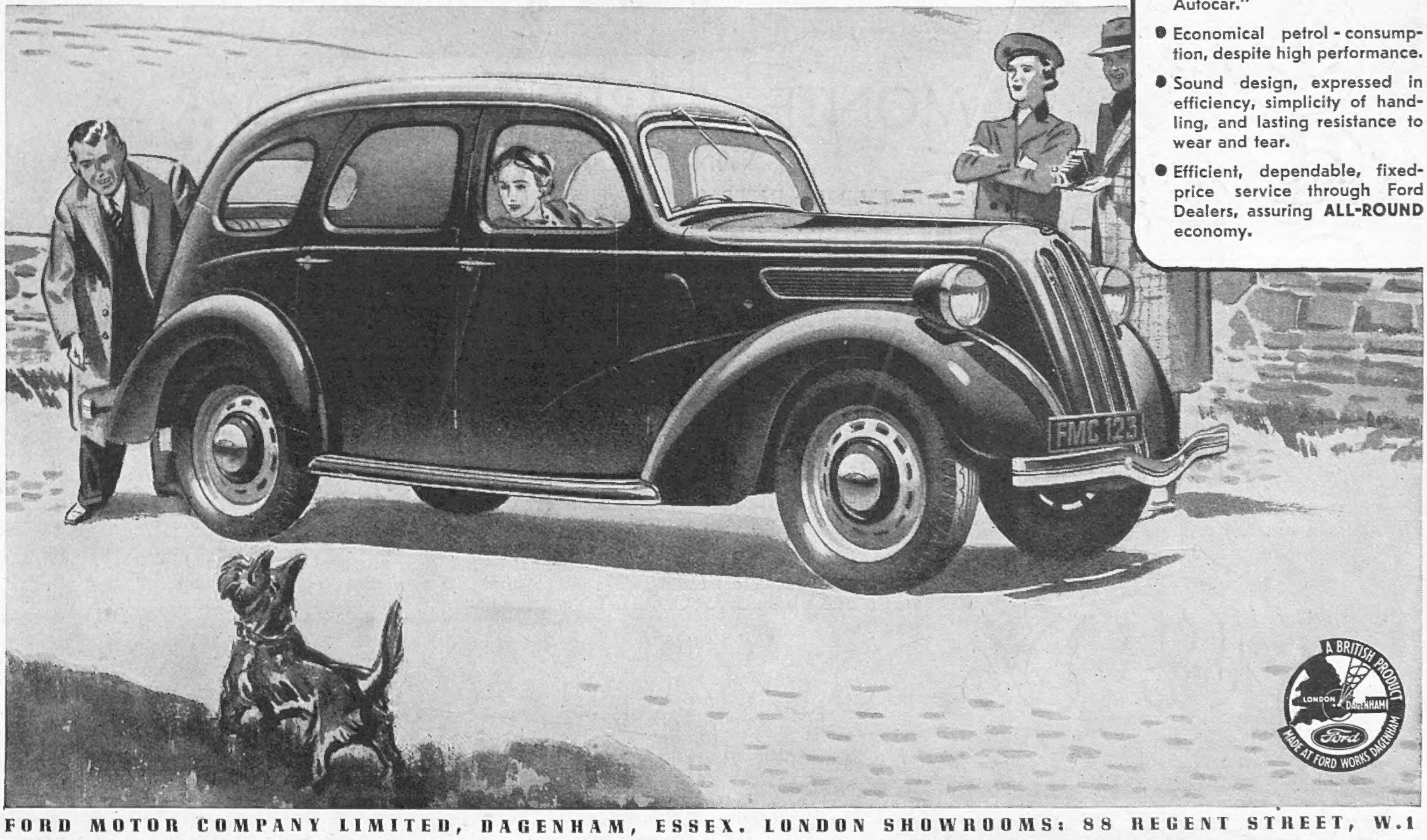

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM, ESSEX. LONDON SHOWROOMS: 88 REGENT STREET, W.1

MONTE CARLO CALENDAR

WINTER SEASON 1937-38

SOCIAL EVENTS : INTERNATIONAL SPORTING CLUB — Christmas Gala, *December 24*; New Year's Gala, *December 31*; International Bridge Tournament, *January 17-30*. Monaco National Fête, *January 17*.

SPORT : Monte Carlo Country Club (Tennis) — Club Championships, *January 24-30* ; INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT (Butler Trophy and Beaumont Cup), *February 28 — March 6* ; Easter Tournament, *April 18-24*. Monte Carlo Golf Club — Windsor Challenge Cup, *February 12* ; Sporting Club Cup, *February 19* ; Bystander Mixed Foursomes, *March 17*. MONTE CARLO MOTOR RALLY, *January 29*. Sailing Regattas, *March 31—April 3*. Outboard Meeting, *April 21-24*.

MUSIC : Concerts—SCHNABEL, *December 24* ; Erich Kleiber (conductor), *December 29* ; CORTOT (classical), *January 5* ; CORTOT (Chopin), *January 7* ; Gala with SERGE LIFAR, *January 14*. Opera—Season opens with WAGNER'S "RING," in German, by Bayreuth Opera Company, under Franz von Hoesslin, *January 22* ; "Tristan and Isolde," *January 29* ; Creation "Andersen's Tales," (Grieg Music) *February 27*.

THEATRE : Comedy and Operetta Season, *December 18—January 24* (Beaux-Arts) ; Comédie Française—official performances *during February* ; Ballet Season, *April 2-28* (with two entirely new Massine Ballets.)

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